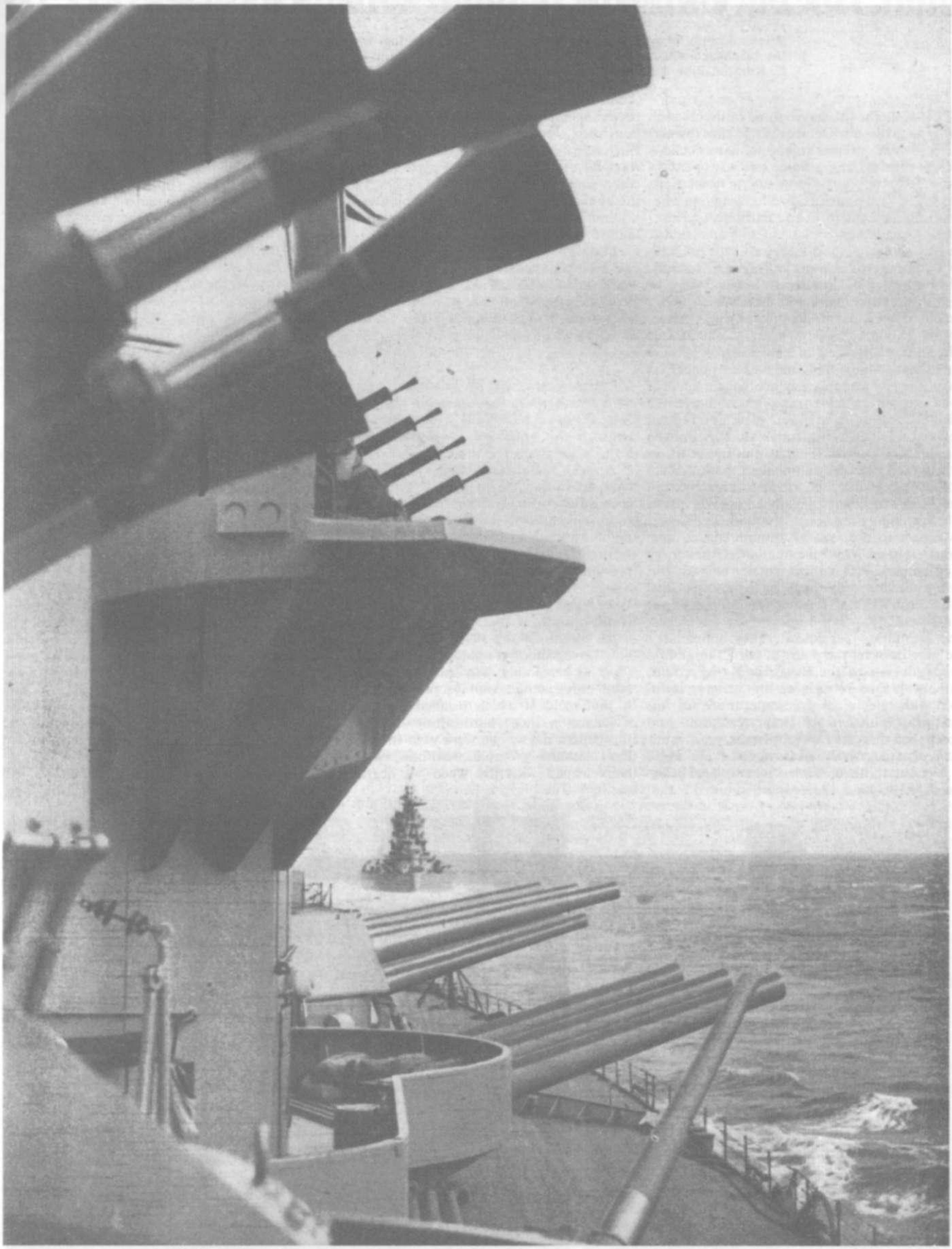


AGAINST EVERY ATTACK BRITAIN'S BATTLESHIPS ARE ARMED

In the last war anti-aircraft guns formed only a slight part of the equipment of British warships. Today things are different, as this photograph, taken on the starboard side of a British battleship, shows. On the right are nine 16-in. guns ready to deal with surface ships, while above is the formidable array of those anti-aircraft guns which have given enemy aircraft attacking the fleet such a hot reception as to clear the Nazi mind of the delusion that the British Navy can be sunk from the skies.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Let Us Now Count Our Victories

Winter is coming, and with winter the dark nights, the fog, the wind and the rain. But the black-out will be lightened by expectation of victory, and in the article printed below E. Royston Pike, by bidding us remember the tremendous achievements of the past year, gives us hope and encouragement for the morrow.

We ought to have rung our church bells on October 21; the towers and steeples ought to have rocked with joyous pealing. Some of those bells—those selfsame bells—rang out in jubilation when Howard sent his fireships among the towering galleons in Calais harbour, and the great Armada, its cables cut in panic, lumbered northwards to be shattered on the rocky shores of the Hebrides and Ireland. They rang out again when "Boney" struck his camp at Boulogne and marched away to easier victories on the Continent. After another hundred years they rang out again, when the boasts and menaces of the Kaiser faded away into thin air. They ought to have rung when an even greater threat, an even more imminent menace, was dispelled. They ought to have rung to celebrate the defeat of Hitler's invasion plan, for though his ships (or such of them as the R.A.F. have not burned or holed) are still in the invasion ports and half-a-million men are kicking their heels in idleness, ready to cross though all unwilling, every day that goes by brings us nearer to the fogs of autumn, the winter gales. Hitler may give the order, his men may embark. (Did they actually embark on September 16? We may never know. But the Germans over there in their billets and tents at Calais and Boulogne, in Le Havre and Dunkirk—*they* know; they appreciate, we may be sure, the point of Mr. Churchill's grim allusion to the fishes, and they could cap the gruesome tales which we have been told with tales more gruesome, more fearful far.) But more likely Emperor Adolf has postponed his attempt until next year—and next year may very well be never.

We ought, then, to have rung our bells, we ought to have cheered and shouted; the batteries should have thundered, the trumpets flourished; we ought to have toasted England (forgive an Englishman's pride), England and Victory. And what better day could we have chosen for our rejoicings than the anniversary of Nelson's crowning victory at Trafalgar—that victory which ended once and for all Napoleon's dream of invading England?

Looking back on the year that has gone, we have no need to remind ourselves of the hard knocks which we have taken; they have been many and heavy. But let us not forget that we have given many and heavy hard knocks in return.

One Night of Triumph

Let us recapture for a moment the feelings with which we hailed the news of that day-long chase of Hitler's "pocket-battleship" through the waters of the South Atlantic; let us hear again the thunder of the guns of "Ajax," "Achilles," and "Exeter" as they drove the "Graf Spee" before them; let us remember how we listened-in to the sounds that came from Montevideo on that night of amazing tragedy and extraordinary triumph, how we were thrilled when the message came through that the "Graf Spee" had sailed—we thought to meet the British cruisers waiting with grim expectancy in the mouth of the Plate, but in reality to blow herself up on a mudbank in the river.

Let us remember, too, how not only the more unregenerate amongst us were stirred by that incident which recalled the exploits of Drake in those hard-hitting, hard-living Elizabethan days; we were with the men in the "Altmark's" holds, and our hearts like theirs leaped with joy when we heard the words, "The Navy is here."

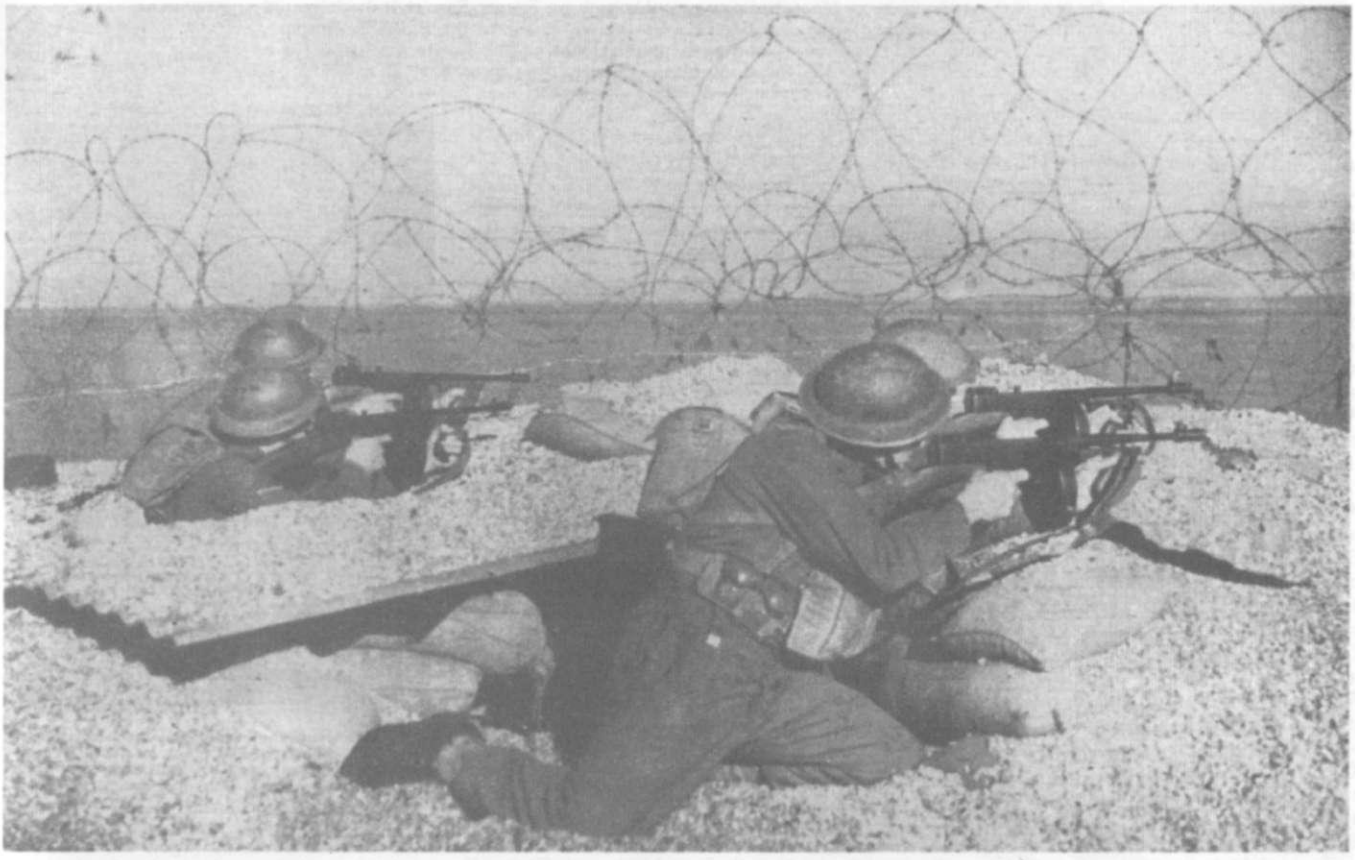
Then with what feelings of deep anxiety we heard of those hundreds of thousands of British soldiers and their French allies struggling to the coast after fighting for days against an enemy superior in numbers and vastly superior in equipment, of their spending days and nights on the bare beaches of Dunkirk exposed to the fire of the enemy and with no protection against the raining bombs save broken breakwaters and holes burrowed in the sand. Churchill prepared us for the worst; we knew, even if we did not admit it in so many words, that the flower of the British army was in imminent danger—if not of destruction, at least of surrender. Yet that tightest of all tight corners was passed. The men whom it seemed nothing could save were brought off from those stricken beaches by a fleet of ships great and small; and what was undoubtedly a military disaster could yet be claimed at the same time as a miracle of deliverance.

That miracle was wrought by British sea power; but that other and greater miracle, the defeat of Hitler's aerial onslaught on Britain, and on London in particular, has been the work of those knights of the air, the pilots and gunners of the R.A.F. When the history of our age comes to be written, three great days will stand out in the record—August 15, September 15, and September 27—days which, to quote Mr. Churchill, "proved to all the world that here at home in our own island we have the mastery of the air." On that day in mid-August, the day chosen by Hitler for his triumphal entry into London where he would dictate the terms of his victory, the Germans hurled hundreds of bombers and fighters against objectives in all parts of the country. All day there was tremendous air fighting over

Such little ships as those above, photographed in convoy in the Channel from an escorting destroyer, have done their full share with the bigger ships in ensuring that the 45,000,000 souls of these isles do not go hungry. Left, Mr. Churchill, during his tour of the Scottish defences at the end of October, looks out over the North Sea knowing that, thanks to the Navy, it is "all clear."

Photos, P.N.A. and "Daily Mirror"

We Have had Bright Days—and Brighter Are to Come



The Royal Air Force has been Britain's first line of defence against the invaders, the Royal Navy the second, while for any ships or barges that might sneak across the Channel there are waiting on every mile of the sea coast and on the shores of every estuary such doughty defenders as these with their Tommy guns, ready to mow down every man who struggles through the surf.
Photo, Fox

the Channel, and shortly after midnight it was announced that in the course of the day's fighting the R.A.F. had "clawed down" from the air 180 of the German raiders. September 15—that was the eve of the day which, if reports speak truly, Hitler had chosen for his invasion day; it was the day on which, again to quote Mr. Churchill, "The R.A.F., aided by squadrons of their Czech and Polish comrades, cut to rags and tatters three separate waves of murderous assault upon the civilian population of their native land, inflicting a certain loss of 125 bombers and 53 fighters." Mr. Churchill was too moderate, for the official figure was given later as 185. Then on September 27 Goering tried again for the third time; hundreds of 'planes crossed the Kent coast in wave after wave, but of those hundreds only a score or two reached London. The whole of south-eastern England was littered with the refuse of broken Nazis; and when the day closed the careful statisticians at the Air Ministry added another 135 Germans to their score.

The battle is still joined. German raiders still keep us awake o'nights, but the "star-spangled thug," as Mr. Priestley has dubbed Field-Marshal Hermann, knows better now than to send over his massed squadrons during the hours of daylight. On the seas the Royal Navy has to counter not only the Nazi raiders and U-boats but the speedy ships of Mussolini's fleet; occasionally those ships' speed fails to save them, and if the Duce, seated in his great room at the Palazzo Venezia, calls on Monday mornings for the list of his fleet, he must run his pencil through the names of "Bartolomeo Colleoni," "Artigliere," of ten destroyers and twenty-one submarines. If he wants them he will find them at the bottom of the Mediterranean, where we may be sure they will soon be joined by others.

On land here in Britain we have the greatest army that Britain has ever seen, waiting for the onslaught of the invader; in Egypt we have another army, nothing like so big but filled with picked troops—Britons and Australians, New Zealanders, Tasmanians, who are waiting to cross swords with Graziani's columns when they have struggled along the desert road. Hundreds of thousands more are in Palestine, the Sudan and Kenya, in South Africa, in Canada, and the Indies, in Australia and New Zealand. They are the fighting men of the Empire; and if you want to know how they will fight when the moment comes, then there is no need to see what the history books tell of Crecy and Agincourt, of Blenheim and Fontenoy, of Albuera and Waterloo and Balaclava. There are plenty of men left alive who bear record to what was done on the bullet-strewn slopes of Gallipoli, the shell-torn wastes of the Somme.

Still there is another victory to record, the greatest of all. Even in peacetime there is surely no greater miracle than the existence in this tiny island of 45,000,000 people maintaining themselves at a high standard of life and culture. Think of the nice adjustment of means to ends, of the multitudinous variety of needs and their satisfaction; think of the intricate machinery of production and distribution, of buying and selling, of all the work involved in filling 45,000,000 hungry bellies, in clothing 45,000,000 backs, in providing house room for 45,000,000 people of every social class and economic circumstance. This is a great achievement in peacetime, but how much greater in time of war, when Britain, so the Nazis boast, is a beleaguered island! Yet despite all that the U-boats and the mines, the surface raiders and the bombing 'planes, have been able to do, 45,000,000 British folk have lived, continue to live, and will live, within the shores of the island that is their home.

During the last war we faced starvation more than once; in this war we have not yet been near it, though maybe we shall have to face it before peace comes. We are spending ten millions a day; we are shouldering a burden which the economists of only yesterday would have held to be impossible; the standard of living of the great mass of our people is hardly, if at all, lower than it was before the war—indeed, in many cases it is higher, and rightly so.

So far from being a beleaguered island, we are an armed fortress, strong in our own strength and drawing reinforcements from every corner of the globe. In the last twelve months we have been baffled often, beaten sometimes, but despairing never. Through the streets, at the height of the Battle of London, drive the wedding cars with their bits of white ribbon, dodging the bomb holes and heaps of rubbish, and the book on which the young people plight their troth is damp with the water of the firemen's hose. No, we are not beaten yet—and "naught shall make us rue . . ."—but we all know that line of Shakespeare, if no other.

The Bully of Rome Strikes At Little Greece

On the 18th anniversary of Mussolini's so-called march on Rome, Fascist Italy delivered an altogether unprovoked attack on Greece. So the war came to the Balkans—in part, at least, because the Axis Powers had been unable to bring the Battle of Britain to a successful conclusion—and the left arm of the pincers (see page 422) is extended to keep pace with the right in Egypt.

At 3 a.m. on October 28 the Italian Minister in Athens, Signor Grazzi, handed to General Metaxas, the Dictator-Premier of Greece, an ultimatum in which the Italian Government accused the Greek Government of having allowed its territorial waters and its coasts and ports to be used by the British Fleet during war operations, of having favoured the supplies to the "alien British forces," and having allowed the British Secret Service to organize a service of military information in the Greek Archipelago. It also referred to the "terrorist policy" that had been adopted towards the population of Ciamuria (the region in northern Greece which was annexed from Albania in 1913) and of the continued attempts to create disorder in the Albanian frontier zone. "All these provocations cannot possibly be tolerated any longer by Italy. Hence the Italian Government has reached the decision to require the Greek Government as a guarantee of its neutrality and of Italian security to allow the Italian forces to occupy for the duration of the present conflict with Great Britain certain strategic points on Greek territory." The Greek Government was further asked not to oppose this occupation, but if the Italian troops did encounter resistance, then this, it was stated, would be met by force of arms.

General Metaxas was swift with his reply. He asked "What points?" and when Grazzi said he did not know, the Greek Premier rejoined that he regarded the ultimatum as a declaration of war by Italy against Greece. The Italian Minister rejoined with a statement that the Italian troops would begin to march at 6 o'clock.

In fact, the Italian military forces began their invasion of Greece at about that time, when the frontier from Albania was crossed in several places. The army of invasion was drawn from Italy's army of 200,000 men in Albania, and the main thrusts were aimed eastwards across the mountains towards Florina and south in the direction of Janina. The Greeks fought desperately in the mountain passes to bar their passage, and at one point they actually invaded Albania. At the same time Italian troops were reported to have landed on some of the Greek islands in the Aegean Sea, and their warplanes bombed the harbour of Athens, the Corinth Canal, and other military objectives.

Soon after King George of Greece and General Metaxas had signed orders for a general mobilization, they issued messages to the Greek people. "At this great moment," said King George, "I am sure that every Greek man and woman will do their duty to the end and will show themselves worthy of the glorious history of Greece,"

King George of the Hellenes is here seen with General Metaxas, President of the Greek Council. The King's grandfather was a brother of our Queen Alexandra.

Photo, Wide World

while General Metaxas urged the nation to stand up and fight for Fatherland, wives and children, and sacred traditions—to show "whether we are truly worthy of our ancestors and of the freedom won for us by our forefathers." He concluded with the words used by the Greeks on the eve of the battle of Salamis in B.C. 480: "Now above all the battle."

Early in the day the Greek Government sent an appeal to Britain to honour the guarantee given on April 13, 1939. Speaking

This contour map of Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, and Turkey suggests the mountainous nature of the country in which the fighting must take place. Italy is anxious to obtain bases from which naval operations against the British Navy could be conducted in the Eastern Mediterranean, and in particular her desire is to occupy Corfu and some of the islands between Greece and Crete and off the coast of Turkey.

Courtesy of the "Evening Standard"

King George VI to King George of Greece:

A message sent on October 28.

In this hour of Greece's need I wish to say to the heroic Greek nation and to my cousin George, King of the Hellenes, this:

We are with you in this struggle; your cause is our cause; we shall be fighting against a common foe.

There are doubtless hard trials to be borne, but we shall both meet them in the firm faith that ultimate victory is assured by the ever-increasing strength of the free peoples

We may hope, indeed, that we are already near the turn of the tide, when the power of the aggressor will begin to ebb and our own growing might to prevail.

Long live Greece and her leaders; long live the King of the Hellenes.

Mr. Churchill to the President of the Greek Council, General Metaxas:

Italy has found threats and intimidation of no avail against your calm courage. She has therefore resorted to unprovoked aggression against your coutrny, seeking justification for a wanton attack in baseless accusations.

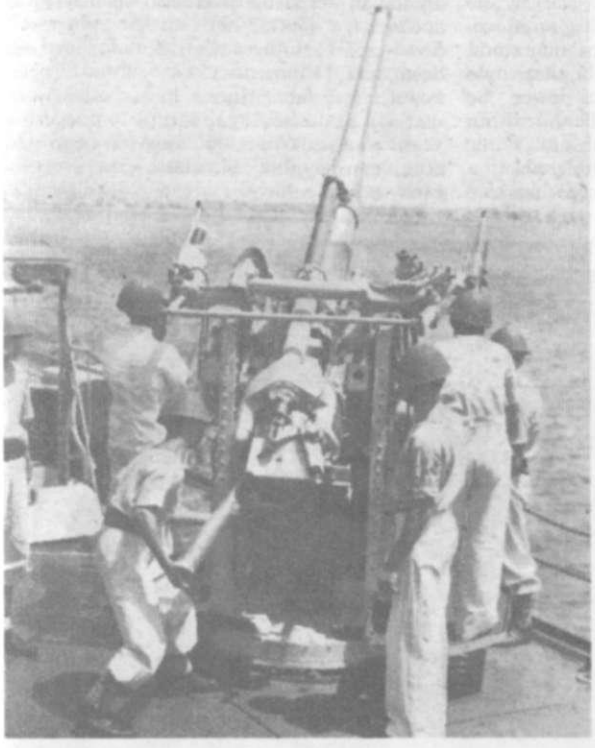
The way in which the Greek people, under your trusted leadership, have faced the dangers and provocations of recent months has gained for Greece the admiration of the British people; the same qualities will uphold them in their present hour of trial.

We will give you all the help in our power.

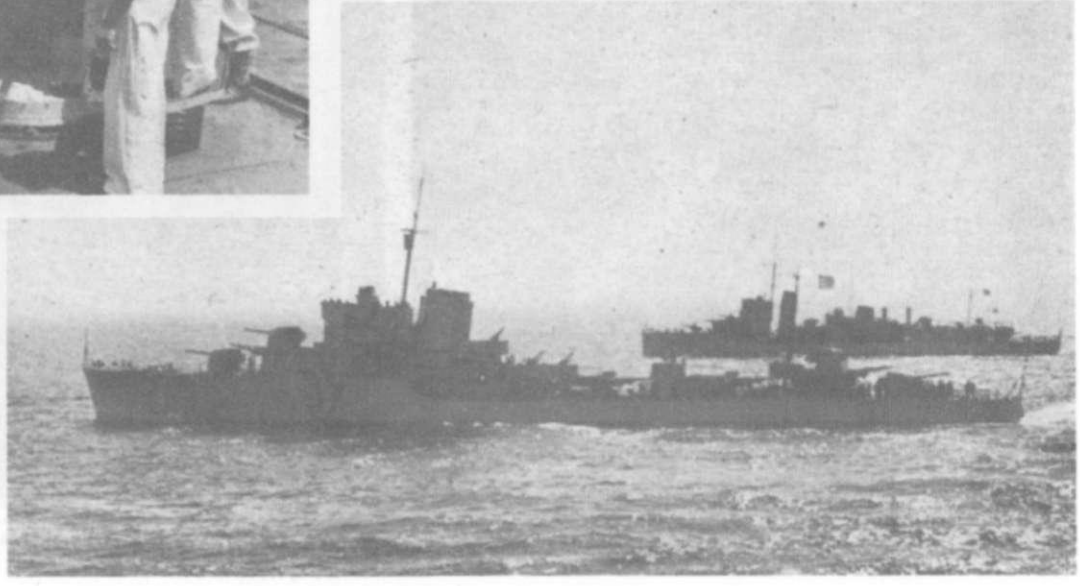
We fight a common foe and we will share a united victory.

Over the Balkans Break the Clouds of War

Greece has six infantry divisions ; a typical infantryman is seen left at the " present." As for its air arm, the Greek air force comprises approximately 150 to 200 first-line but not all modern aircraft. A biplane bomber is seen above at the Tatoi aerodrome, near Athens.



On the left is seen an anti-aircraft gun crew on board the coastal defence ship " Giorgios Averoff." This ship is an armoured cruiser of 9,300 tons and was refitted in France in 1927. Above, Greek troops with a machine-gun.



Two Greek destroyers belonging to the " Hydra " class are viewed from the deck of the " Averoff." These ships have a displacement of 1,350 tons with a complement of 156. They carry six 21-in. torpedo tubes and forty mines. For some years past a series of British naval missions have been in charge of Greek naval training and organization.

Photos, Wide World, Keystone, Planet News

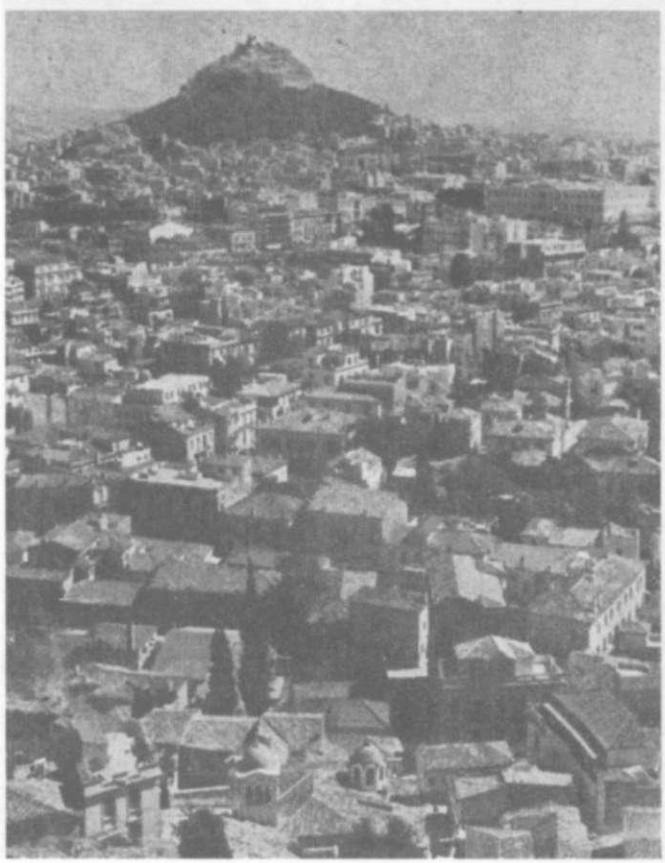
With the Navy Britain Honours Her Pledge

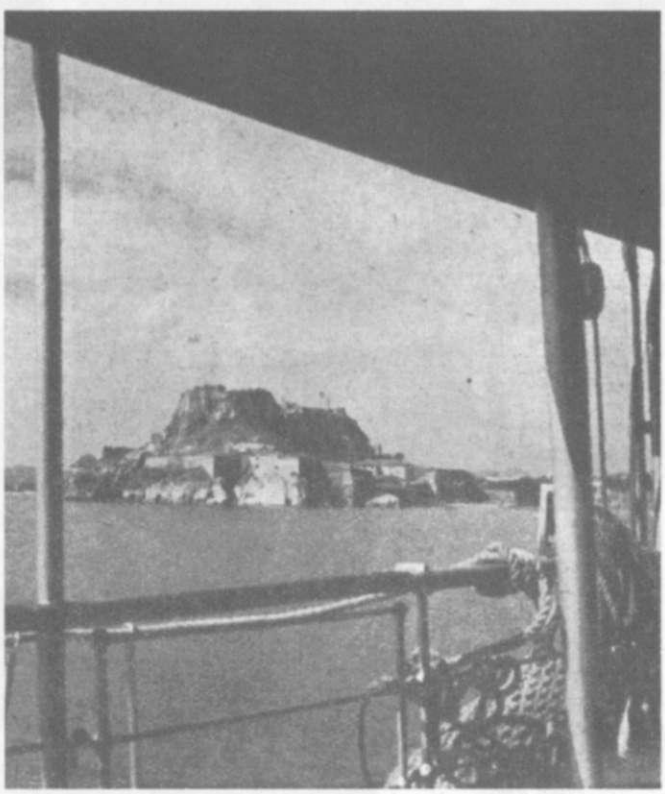
An extensive view of Salonika, famous seaport of Greece. In 1915 when Greece asked Great Britain and France to reinforce her army with 150,000 troops, the Allies landed forces at Salonika during the campaign against the Bulgarians, and the town was held as a base for subsequent operations.

in the House of Commons on that day, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, then Prime Minister, had said that, "His Majesty's Government attach the greatest importance to the avoidance of disturbance by force or threats of force, of the status quo in the Mediterranean and the Balkan Peninsula. Consequently they have come to the conclusion that in the event of any action being taken which clearly threatened the independence of Greece or Rumania, and which the Greek or Rumanian Government respectively considered it vital to resist with their national forces, H.M. Government would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Greek or Rumanian Government, as the case might be, all the support in their power." Rumania succumbed to Axis pressure in September, 1940, but when it came to Greece's turn she chose the path of resistance largely, no doubt, because as a nation with a large seaboard and with many maritime connexions, she realized the immense weight that could be developed by Britain's sea power. So it was that on October 28 she asked for assistance, chiefly air and naval, and within a few hours this was being rendered.

Without that assistance Greece's position might be fairly considered to be far from happy. Her army is not, perhaps, much inferior in numbers to the Italian, but it cannot be called first class, lacking as it does modern equipment; but if it is not mechanized to any extent, it must be remembered that Greece is a mountainous country with few roads where mechanized forces would possess no great advantage, while the Greek soldier enjoys the reputation of being the best marcher in Europe. The army is organized in four Army Corps with their headquarters at Athens, Larissa, Salonika, and Cavalla, and comprises thirteen infantry divisions and one cavalry division; in peacetime its effective strength was some 70,000, but in wartime it is capable of being so expanded that 2,000,000 men may be called to the colours. But the Greek Air Force consists of only 150 to 200 'planes of all classes and is not to be compared, therefore, with Italy's more than 2,000 aircraft in the first line.

The disparity is even more marked in the matter of fleets. Italy is usually classed fifth among the great naval powers, but against the four battleships and 19 cruisers which she had in 1939, Greece can oppose only one large ship, the 30-year-old armoured cruiser "Georgios Averoff." She had two, but the converted mine-laying cruiser "Helle" was torpedoed by a submarine—no doubt an Italian—on August 15 last when lying at anchor off the island of Tinos. She possesses, however, a flotilla of smaller ships—10 destroyers, 11 torpedo boats, 4 motor torpedo boats, and 6 submarines, which should prove useful. But here, again, Italy possessed a year ago 82 destroyers and torpedo boats and 80 submarines, and both classes have recently been considerably increased. As regards personnel, the Greeks are a seafaring race and the quality of their seamanship is high.



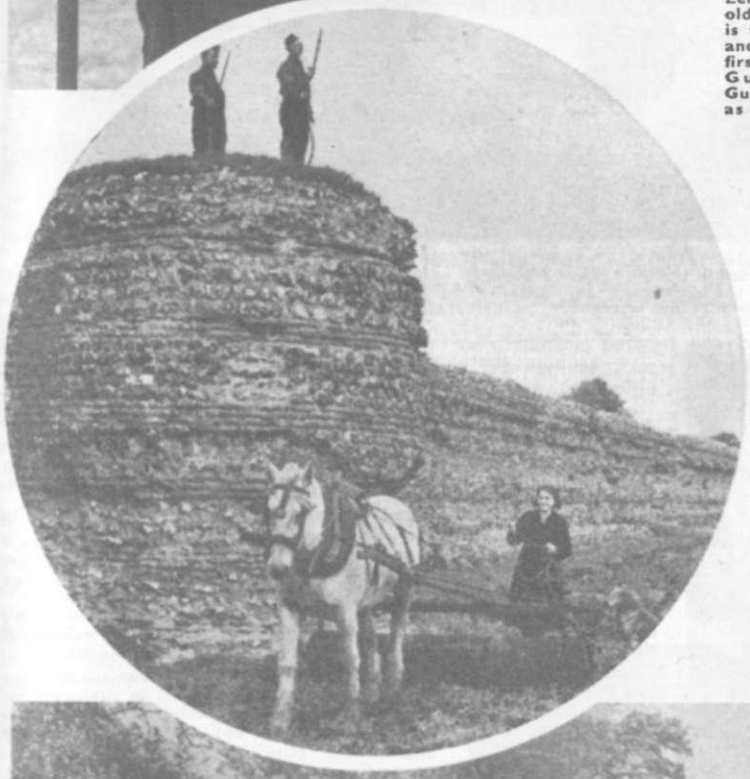


Corfu, above, the little island belonging to Greece which the Italians covet as a naval base. It is forty miles in length. Left, standing on the lofty Acropolis, we see Athens spreading away in picturesque confusion to the Lycabetes Hill. *Photos, Fox and Ronce*

The Old and the Bold—the Young and the Brave

Left, Jack Potter, 55-year-old father of seven children, is twice armed, with hoe and rifle ; he was one of the first to enlist in the Home Guard. Above, Girl Guides, from 12 to 16, act as messengers for the Home Guard.

Mounted men of the Home Guard patrol wide stretches of country. Here one of them, his horse well used to the crack of the rifle, pots an imaginary parachutist.



The ramparts (circle) were once part of the Roman defences of Britain ; now, 1,600 years later, Home Guards find a new use for them. A special course of training on an estate in the Home Counties has helped to make the Home Guard an efficient military force ; commanders and section leaders are given a course in static defence and guerilla warfare in order to train their own units. Here they are seen practising throwing dummy grenades; centre, right, they are attending a lecture on the art of bomb-throwing.

Photos, "The Times" and "Daily Mirror"

The Fight For France's Soul Goes On

While in Britain the air war went on, while in America Roosevelt and Willkie duelled for the Presidency, while in the Balkans Italy launched her divisions against Greece in France a fight went on between the defeatists and intriguers of the Laval clique and those who believed in spite of all that France would rise again.

OF all the unhappy peoples of Europe the French are perhaps the most unhappy. After centuries of military greatness, after fighting innumerable wars in which, though sometimes defeated, they have more often than not been victorious, Frenchmen today find themselves not only defeated on the field of battle, but so crushed that their Government seems to make a virtue of national sacrifice, to wallow in humiliation.

After being defeated in one of the shortest campaigns in modern history—if we reckon from May 10, the date of the launching of the German offensive, to June 17 when Pétain asked for an Armistice, it lasted but thirty-nine days—France is left helpless before the traditional enemy from beyond the Rhine. She is defenceless; she is the helpless prey of the victor. Things have come to such a pass, indeed, that the possibility of France declaring war on Britain—her old ally, her co-victor in the Great War, her partner in the *Entente cordiale*—is not to be ruled out. It is seriously suggested that at Hitler's command Frenchmen will fight side by side with the men whom their fathers called the "dirty Boches," against the soldiers and sailors of a country which, as likely as not, would not have been at war today if it had not been for the disastrously mistaken and short-sighted policies followed by the French governments since the Armistice of 1918.

But on this side of the Channel we find it difficult to believe that the soul of France can be so moribund, so well-nigh dead; and it was in the hope of reawakening the dormant spirit of France that Mr. Churchill broadcast on October 21 to the French people.

Even in unoccupied France, the Pétain government has decreed that French children shall no longer be educated in the old ideals of France. Here in a village school near Vichy the teacher has written on the blackboard the words "Fatherland, Family, and Labour," which are now to replace the former French watchword, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." *Photo, "New York Times"*

Eighty-four-year-old Marshal Pétain is here walking with Admiral Darlan, who was appointed to command the French Fleet at the outbreak of war and won high honour for his capacity in the evacuation of Dunkirk. Following Oran, however, he was said to favour handing over the French fleet to the Nazis. *Photo, Planet News*

"*C'est moi, Churchill, qui parle,*" was his dramatic opening; "Frenchmen, for more than thirty years in peace and war I have marched with you, and I am marching still along the same road. Tonight I speak to you at your firesides wherever you may be or whatever your fortunes are. I repeat that prayer round the Louis d'Or, 'God protect France.'

"Here at home in England," continued the Premier, "under the fire of the Boche, we do not forget the ties and links that unite us to France," and he went on to say how important it was that "when good people get into trouble because they are attacked and heavily smitten by the vile and wicked they must be very careful not to get at loggerheads with one another." He spoke of the common enemy who is always trying to bring this about; he reminded his listeners, too, that here in Britain we are still waiting for the long-promised invasion and—a grim touch this—"so are the fishes."

He spoke of Hitler who, with his tanks and other mechanized weapons and Fifth Column intrigues with traitors, has managed to subjugate for the time being most of the finest races in Europe, while his "little Italian accomplice trots along hopefully and hungrily, but rather wearily and very timidly, at his side."

"They both wish to carve up France and her Empire as if it was a fowl. To one a leg, to another a wing or, again, a portion of the breast. Not only the French Empire will be devoured by these two ugly customers, but Alsace Lorraine will go once again under the German yoke, and Nice, Savoy, and Corsica—Napoleon's Corsica—will be torn from the fair realm of France. But Herr Hitler is not thinking only of stealing other people's territory or flinging gobbets of them to his little dog. I tell you truly, what you must believe; this evil man, this monstrous abortion of hatred and deceit, is resolved on nothing less than the complete wiping out of the French nation and the disintegration of its whole life and future."

"Excuse my speaking frankly," he said, "but this is not a time to mince words. It is not defeat that France will be made to suffer at German hands, but the doom of complete obliteration. Frenchmen," he called, "re-arm your spirits before it is too late! Never will I believe that the soul of France is dead or that her place among the greatest nations of the world has been lost for ever." Then came a last encouraging word. "Good-night, then. Sleep and gather strength for the morning—for the morning will come. Vive la France! Long live also the forward march of the common people in all the lands towards their just and true inheritance, towards the better time."

So spoke France's old ally, not in siren tones of blandishment, but forthright, resolute and brave. France's enemy also made his appeal. We do not know what he said, but we know something of what he did. We know that for weeks past he has been intriguing with that sinister figure, Pierre Laval. We know that the two

'Collaboration' Cloaks the Shame of Surrender

Drawing by Illingworth, by permission of "The Daily Mail."

met on October 22 and that following the meeting it was announced that France was definitely out of the war and was willing to collaborate with Germany in post-war reconstruction. After his meeting near Paris with Laval, the Fuehrer went on to Hendaye, facing the Spanish frontier in the Pyrenees, and in his special railway carriage had two conferences with General Franco, head (*Caudillo*) of the Spanish state. The conversations, it was announced, were conducted in the "cordial spirit of comradely friendship that unites the two nations."

On his way home Hitler met Pétain somewhere in occupied France and, said Vichy, "the interview took place in an atmosphere of great courtesy. The Marshal was received with the honours due to his rank." The two chiefs made a general examination of the situation, and agreement was reached on their collaboration in the reconstruction of Europe. What was agreed upon was left to be surmised, but from many quarters there came reports of the terms which, it was stated, had been presented to Pétain, and which he had or had not accepted. These terms were said to be as follows: Alsace and Lorraine to be ceded to Germany, and Nice to Italy. Tunis to be divided between France and Italy, and a portion of Morocco to go to Spain. France to cede Indo-China to Japan, and the French Colonies to be placed under a triple mandate exercised by France, Germany and Italy. French prisoners-of-war, numbering 1,800,000, to be liberated, and certain industrial and economic concessions made to France to enable her to return to normal conditions. Then one report had it that the French forces in North Africa and Syria should be used to "protect the Italian flank," while another stated that France would be required to place her Mediterranean fleet and air force stationed in North Africa at the disposal of the Axis for use against Britain.

This, then, constituted Hitler's bid for France's soul—and body. While Pétain was still hesitating, King George sent a personal message to him. He declared that the British people were in good heart and were determined to fight until victory had been won, and that in the benefits of that victory France should share. Any other outcome of the battle would mean France's eclipse. Meanwhile, the British people looked with sympathy on the ordeal through which the French were passing, and trusted that these difficult days would not be made more difficult by any act on the part of the French Government.

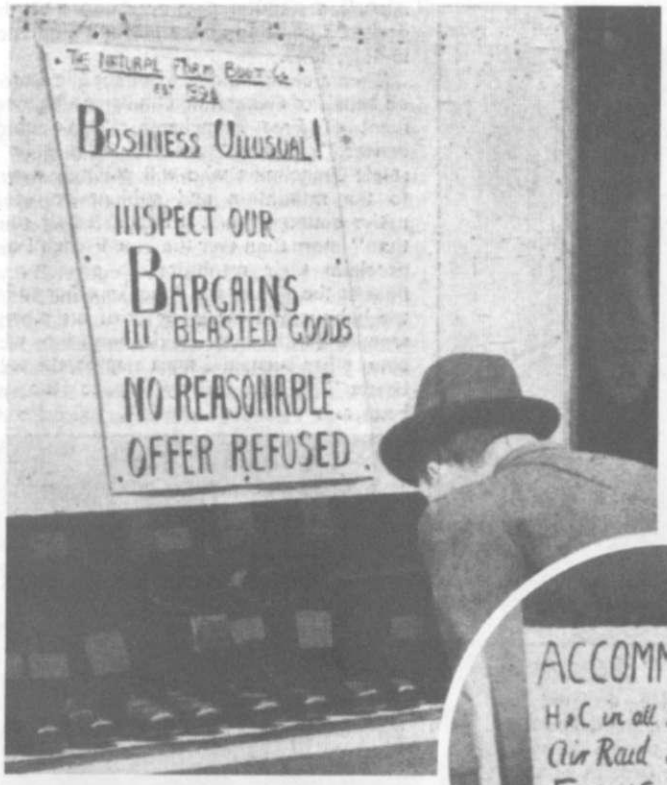
President Roosevelt also made his contribution, but in his case it was more of a warning than an appeal. In a Note which Mr. Cordell Hull handed to the French Ambassador in Washington it was stated in frank but friendly language that the military "collaboration" of France with the Axis Powers might precipitate the occupation of Martinique and French Guiana by the American Republics, in accordance with the decisions come to at the Havana Conference in July, 1940.

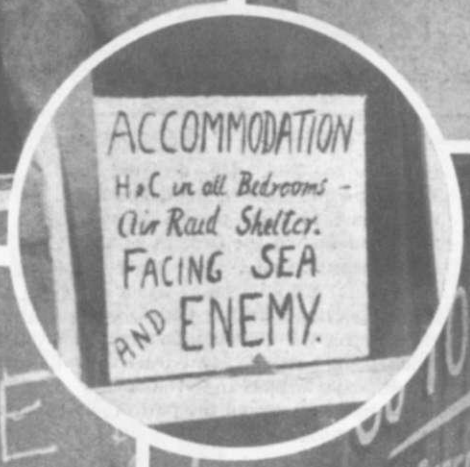
Then a communiqué was issued in London on behalf of General de Gaulle and his movement of Free Frenchmen. "We cannot believe," it ran, "that Hitler will find a single Frenchman who will willingly consent to the mutilation and subjugation of his native country," and it concluded by saying that "more than ever the Free French Forces proclaim their resolution to continue our fight at the side of the Allies in order to save the honour and the integrity of the country, together with that civilization for which France has been, and must remain, the torch-bearer." There, surely, spoke the true France.

A street in Vichy seen through a pastrycook's window. This shop was once well-known for its apple tarts, but today it exhibits a tray of sweetened toast.

Comfortably seated in a hotel bar at Vichy, Laval, Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, is holding forth on the future of France, while Flandin, who was Prime Minister in 1934, listens dejectedly. Marquet, Minister for the Interior, is on the right. *Photos, E.N.A.*

Bombed Out! Blasted Out! But Not Bowled Out!





THE photographs in this page are but a few examples of the typical British humour that has been in this war, as it was in the last, a factor of incalculable value in keeping up the morale of the people. Owners of shops, boarding houses, cinemas, and many other premises only just able to do business, have met tragedy with a smile and have invited continued patronage with an ingenious humour that will surely have its reward.

Photos, Central Press, Fox, B.I.P., Photopress, L.N.A., "News Chronicle"

Victory in the Air Battle of Britain is Assured

Not only, as Capt. Harold Balfour, M.P., declared, can we weld together determination and confidence to hold our present air position, but we also have, as the Premier said on October 21, the assurance that before many months are passed we shall have command of the air. Meantime the battle of London and Britain continues.

STATEMENTS by two members of the Government during the third week of October confirmed the British people in their confidence of ultimate victory in the war in the air. First came the assurance from the Premier, in his broadcast to the French people on the evening of October 21, that "in 1941 we shall have command of the air." Two days after the Under-Secretary for Air (Capt. Harold Balfour, M.P.) said in a speech that, looking at the air battle of Britain, we could weld our hard—nay, fierce—determination with resolute confidence at the position we held today.

Finally, in a broadcast on October 24, Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert spoke of new developments in hand to improve the performance of our Hurricanes and Spitfires, which would be faster, climb higher, and be more heavily armed than those we had been using up to date. Moreover, we had on the stocks several types of newer and better fighters which should be as much an improvement on present types as these latter were upon their predecessors.

Dealing with our attack upon Germany, Sir Philip said that the most satisfactory feature was the increase in our bombing effort. We could hope from now steadily to increase our pressure on Germany and on her ally, and by next spring, when the flow of American aircraft, already very considerable, became a flood, we should return to Germany with sevenfold interest the bombing that we had had to endure.

As a result of the enemy's raids on Tuesday, October 22, he lost three aircraft; we lost six and two of our pilots were saved. This is a measure of the drastic change in the Nazi policy, referred to in a previous article. The scale of the enemy attacks was considerably reduced and, risking fewer of his machines, he lost less. Single aircraft made a few raids on Tuesday morning and afternoon; in the evening a larger force—though small compared with those used on many previous occasions—flew inland a little way, but was then chased out of the sky by our fighters, and two raiders crashed. Combats took place very high in the air and the enemy was obliged to go ever to a higher altitude to find safety. On the other hand, individual raiders sneaked down lower when they saw a chance. That same evening a fighter-bomber swooped down on to a bus climbing a steep Kentish hill. His machine-gun bullets fell near but did no harm. In London the night alert was over by midnight.

On Wednesday again the enemy raids did little damage either in London or elsewhere. After dusk a number of raiders glided in over the London area and dropped bombs, but because of the bad weather over the Channel and the accurate fire of our A.A. guns they found it almost impossible to reach their objectives. In the Home Counties and the London area houses were wrecked and people killed and injured by this aimless night bombing. The west of Scotland had what was perhaps the worst raid of the war, and there were attacks on places in Southern Scotland and on Merseyside. Among miraculous escapes was that of a baby found alive on top of the wreckage of a cottage in which its parents and three other persons had been killed.

In daylight raids on Thursday the Germans lost two Dornier-17 bombers—one shot down in the sea off the Kent coast and the other crashing at Eaton Socon, near St. Neots. Single raiders flew over the London district

GERMAN & BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

German to April 30, 1940

Total announced and estimated—West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 350

	German	British
May	1,990	258
June	276	177
July	245	115
Aug.	1,110	310
Sept.	1,114	311
Oct. 1-28	199	107
Totals, May to Oct. 28 ...	4,934	1,278

Daily Results

Oct.	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved	Oct.	German Losses	British Losses	British Pilots Saved
1	5	3	—	16	6	—	—
2	13	1	—	17	4	3	—
3	1	—	—	18	—	1	—
4	3	1	—	19	2	—	—
5	23	9	4	20	7	3	3
6	2	—	—	21	5	—	—
7	28	16	10	22	3	6	2
8	8	2	—	23	1	—	—
9	4	1	1	24	2	—	—
10	5	5	2	25	17	10	7
11	8	9	6	26	6	2	—
12	12	10	6	27	10	8	4
13	2	2	2	28	4	—	—
14	—	—	—		—	—	—
15	18	15	9	Totals	199	107	56

None of the figures includes aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged as to be unlikely to reach home.

From the beginning of the war up to Oct. 28, 2,722 enemy aircraft have been destroyed during raids on Britain. R.A.F. losses were 776, but the pilots of 382 British machines were saved.

Civilian Casualties. Intensive air attacks on Britain began on Aug. 8. Casualties during August, 1,075 killed, 1,261 seriously injured. During September: 6,954 killed; 10,615 seriously injured.

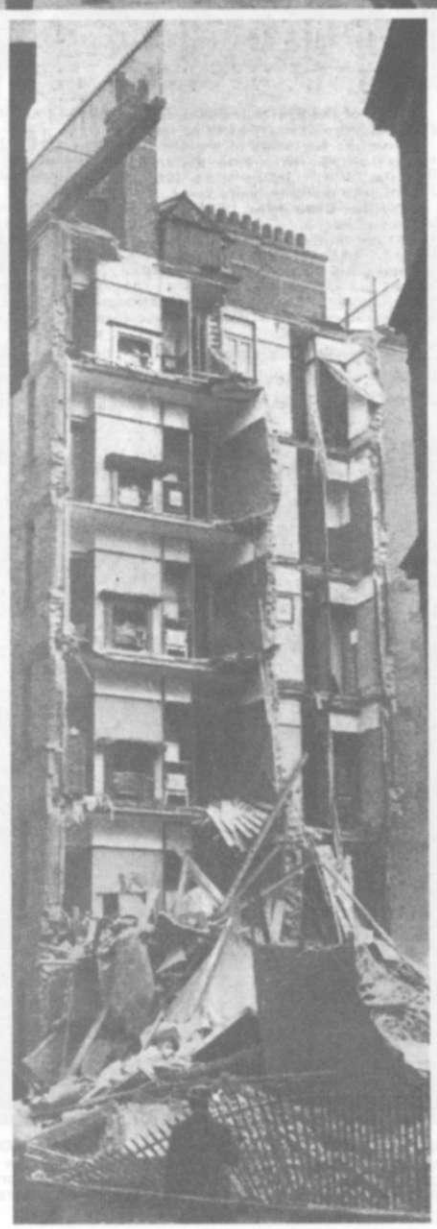
Mass Raid Casualties in London. Sept. 7: 305 killed; 1,337 injured. Sept. 8: 286 killed; about 1,400 injured. Sept. 9: about 400 killed, 1,400 injured.

All the six firemen in the photograph (left) sustained minor injuries in a raid on the night of October 25, but they kept smiling. The drivers and conductors of the London omnibuses and tramcars have carried on with commendable courage during raids, though the noise of their vehicles makes it wellnigh impossible for them to know when enemy 'planes are overhead. Now spotters are stationed at certain points, who tell the drivers whether it is safe to proceed. Right, one of them is giving directions.

Photos, Planet News, Central Press

Women Tore Up their Clothing for Tramcar Victims

During a daylight raid on London streets early on October 25, Nazi raiders, aiming maybe at a railway bridge, found a target in these tramcars crowded with city workers, which were halted at traffic lights.
Photo, Fox



The freakish effect of high explosive bombs is well shown in the photograph below. The front of the building has been completely cut off, but in each flat the kitchen range and gas stove are left standing intact.
Photo, Sport & General

and over places in Kent, Hampshire and Somerset, but the attacks were still on a small scale. At night larger numbers took part, but the raids, though widespread, were light. Wards were wrecked at a London children's hospital, but the children had been removed and there was only a skeleton staff in attendance. No one was seriously hurt. Fires were caused in a Midland town, and some damage to buildings at other places. The number of casualties throughout the country was "exceedingly small" said the official communiqué.

At dawn on Friday, October 25, an enemy machine dive-bombed a place on the outskirts of London. Six bombs fell and houses were wrecked. A little later came an Alert in the London district, when a large enemy force attacked several suburbs. A line of tramcars checked at traffic signals during the rush hours was bombed; two were hit. Buses alongside them also felt the effect of blast and splinters. Women tore up clothing to provide first aid dressings for injured travellers. London Transport workers got the route clear again in a few hours. Elsewhere in the Metropolis a church was damaged by a bomb that fell near. The raiders flew very high in their approach, and our defences forced them to climb higher still as they made off, unloading their missiles with little attempt at aiming. The Nazi aircraft were said to have numbered about 400, attacking in formations of twenty to 100.

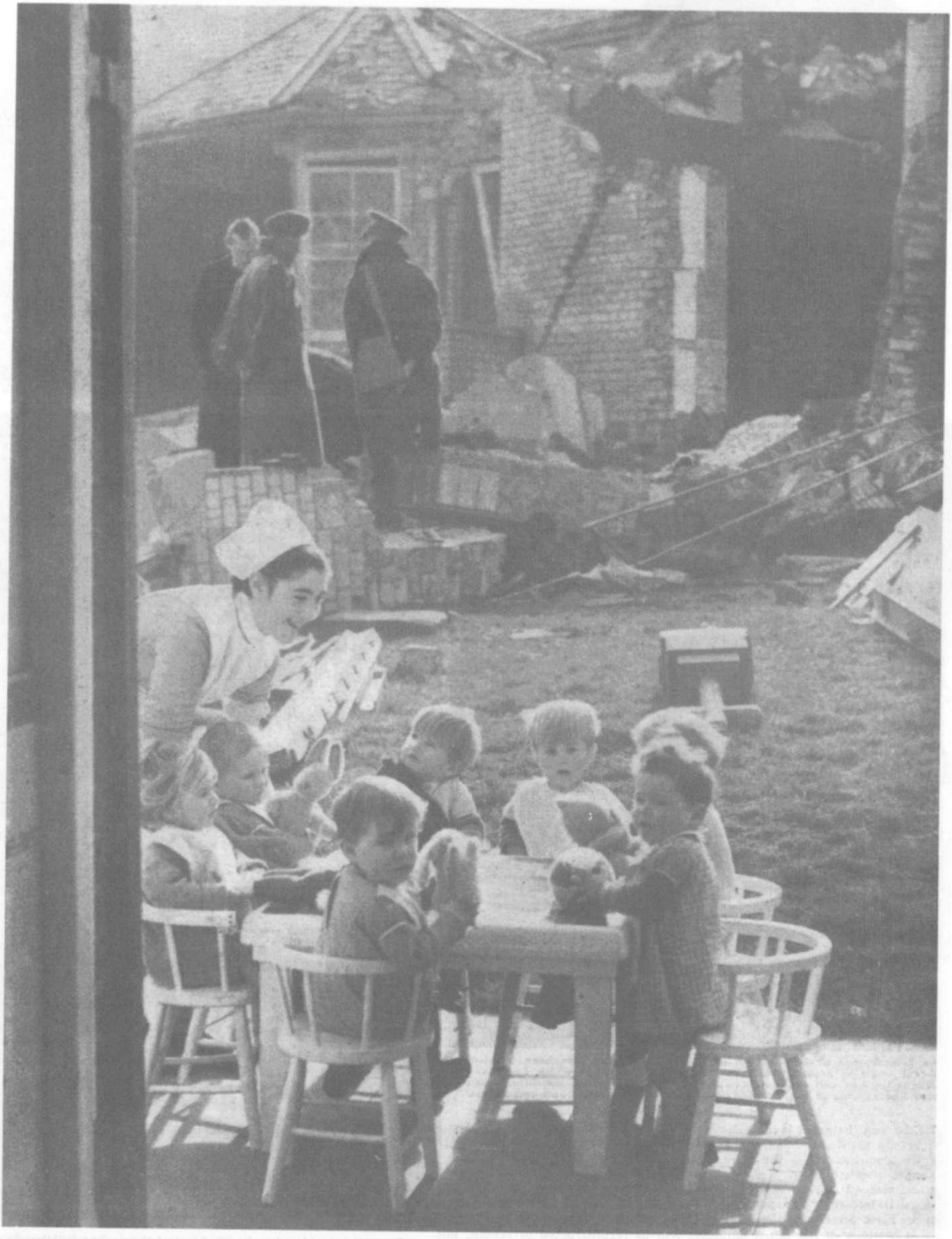
Night raids by single enemy aircraft began early on Friday; many fire bombs being dropped on the outskirts of London and in the Home Counties. An unscreened light is said to have attracted one raider. A famous London square was one of the places attacked. A Scottish train was machine-gunned, but kept on its way and there were no casualties. A German communiqué announced in the usual pompous style that Italian airmen had been over Britain, and a Rome report said that 200 had taken part.

Beginning at dawn on Saturday, Oct. 26, raids by small Nazi formations of fighters and fighter-bombers continued throughout the day. A bomb which fell in a crowded London shopping centre killed six persons; shops and flats above were demolished. Places in S.E. England and in the Midlands also were bombed. On Saturday night more London hospitals and churches were bombed. A stoker was killed in the boiler house of one hospital. A direct hit on a public house buried a number of people, and others in a car outside were killed. At an orphanage of which the chapel was damaged by a bomb there were no casualties among babies in a dormitory or older children at supper, but one of the sisters was injured. A heavy attack was made on a Midland town, and places in South-eastern England suffered also.

In a rather "breezy" bulletin describing Sunday's daylight raids the Air Ministry said that the German air force "continued to fidget about over the South of England"; some of the Messerschmitts were "almost playful in their behaviour." Twenty of them, "milling about 20,000 feet above Surrey," formed into two sections and made dummy dive-attacks on each other. Then two broke off and dived steeply down in front of the Hurricanes as a further decoy. Bombs were dropped in the London area and at places in South-east England. Casualties were few.

The Air Ministry described Sunday night's raids as widespread but less severe, and spoke of a very quiet night in London. Many flares were dropped by the Nazis. There were raids on Merseyside, the Midlands and East Anglia.

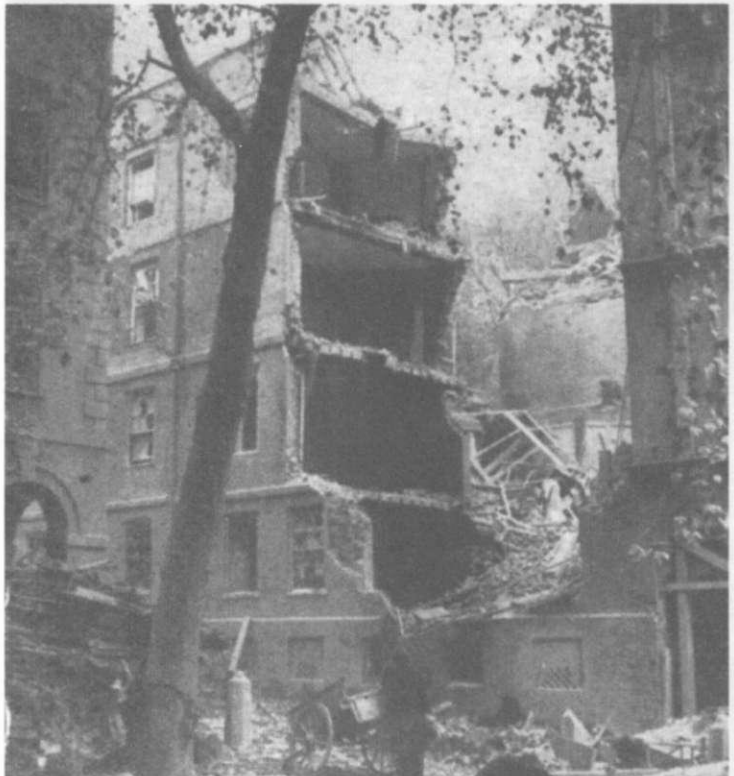
Little Orphans the Nazis Nearly Killed

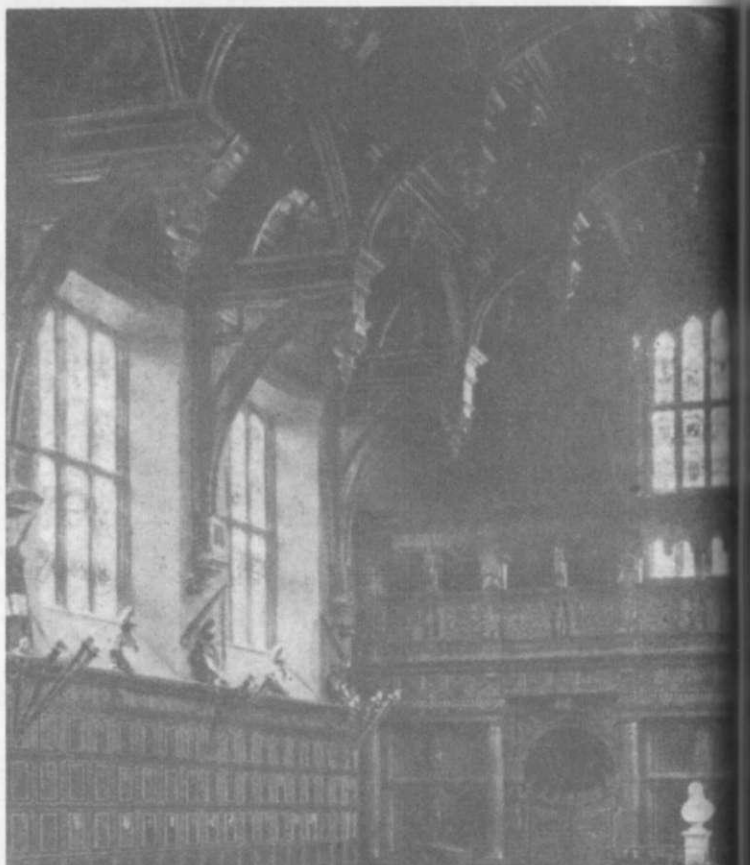


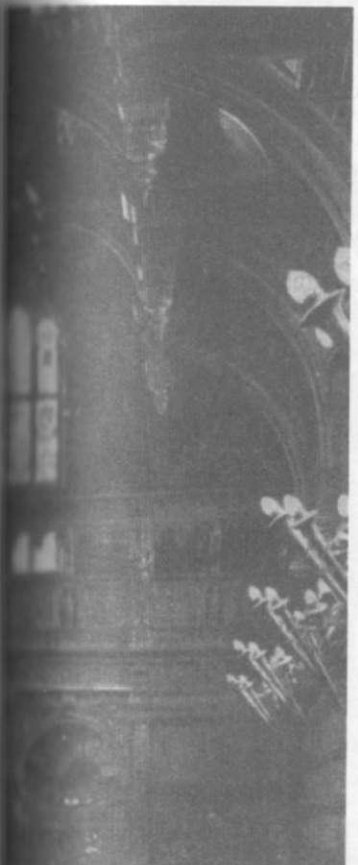
When towards the end of October a German bomb struck a Roman Catholic orphanage in London forty babies, sleeping in a dormitory less than fifteen yards from where the bomb exploded, and a number of boys who were having supper, were unhurt. The bomb crashed on the orphanage chapel, where the Sister Superior and three other sisters were saying prayers. The children had been put to bed just before the bomb hit the building. Here are some of them playing happily against a background of wreckage. *Photo, Fox*

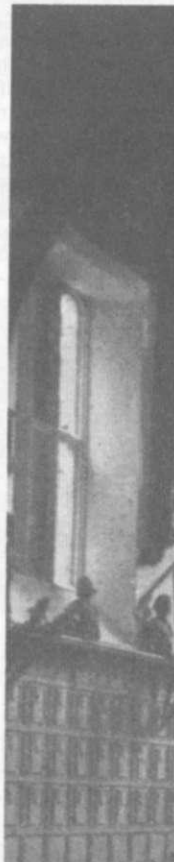
As They Were and As They Are: Holland House and the Temple Bombed

Holland House, Lord Ilchester's Jacobean mansion in Kensington and the last of London's great country houses, was bombed by Nazi airmen in October, so that all but the east wing is an empty shell. Above, as it was; on the right, as it is today.









Bombs On Berlin—And Berliners Do Care!

London is much more in the front line than Berlin—at present, at least—but it is good to know that the German capital is being visited to an ever-increasing extent by the young men of the R.A.F. Here are some details of the raids of recent nights.

"BOMBS on Berlin? Never!" That, up to only a few weeks ago, would have been the instant reaction of the German man in the street to the suggestion that the R.A.F. might drop bombs on Berlin just as the Luftwaffe was dropping bombs on London.

"That is quite out of the question," the German might have added. "Our Goering has given us the most definite assurances that Berlin cannot be and will not be bombed." In the last war Berlin was never raided from the air, nor did the British and French stage a victory march down the Unter den Linden; so far from expecting their capital to be bombed, the Berliners, up to the beginning of last September, hardly gave a thought to the possibility of being raided. What they did expect was to see Herr Hitler emerge from the Chancellery on his way to the Tempelhof Aerodrome, there to take his victorious flight to London.

But if we could buttonhole a Berliner now he would have a very different story to tell. He might be angry, but more likely he would be disgusted, miserable, and fed up. He has had a taste of the medicine which he thought so appropriate for the Poles and the Belgians, the Dutch and the French, and, most of all, of course, for the wicked Englanders.

A high official of the R.A.F. in London stated that "We have now visited Berlin on fourteen separate nights since the beginning of September, with a total of 225 sorties by individual machines. In all we have already dropped over 200 tons of bombs on Berlin.

"Our difficulties are greater than those of the enemy," went on the R.A.F. spokesman. "London is only 100 miles from the nearest German bomber aerodrome and Berlin is 600 miles away from ours. That means that we have six times as much chance of encountering bad weather. We may have dropped fewer bombs on Berlin, but they are better aimed."

Now that the nights are lengthening fast the R.A.F. is able to spend longer over Berlin's roof-tops, and very soon the Berliners may have to become reconciled to spending the whole of the night in the basements and cellars beneath the great apartment buildings. (Even so they will be quite as comfortable as on the stone floor of a London tube.) Already by 9 p.m. Berlin's streets are emptied as the crowds hurry to their shelters or make for buses and trains. By ten o'clock the city is dead, almost the only people out being the policemen.

One of the longest raids to date was made on the night of Sunday, October 20. A graphic account of it was sent from Berlin by the correspondent of the Swedish paper, the "Stockholm Aftonbladet." "The attack was terrific," he said; "I saw a principal street in a district inhabited chiefly by doctors, lawyers, and civil servants suddenly turned into a burning inferno. Bombs, shrapnel, glass, and stones came raining down. Houses were cut in half as though with a huge knife. As usual, the R.A.F. displayed great courage in face of the thick and fast anti-aircraft fire of the Germans; many of them even had their cockpit lights on."

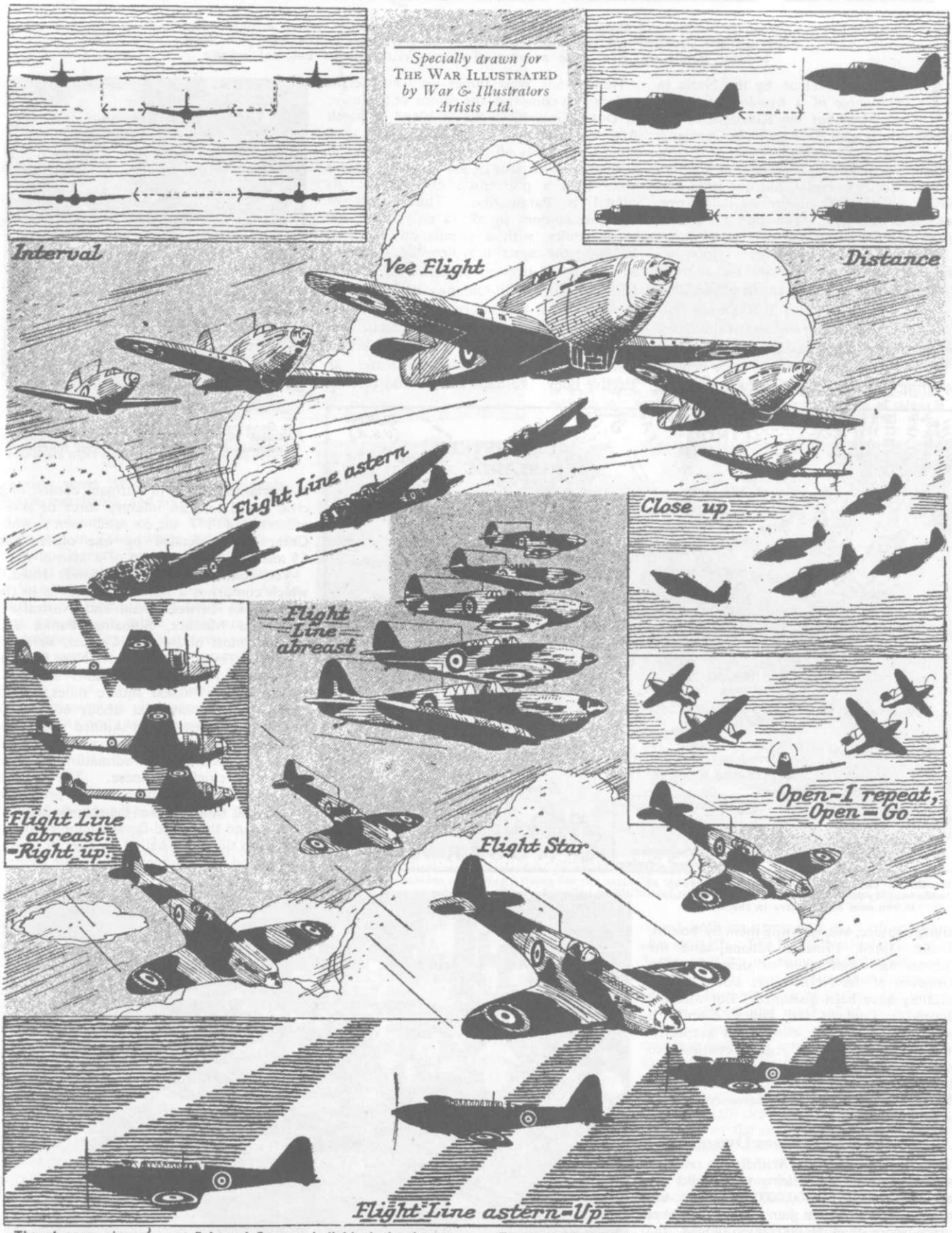
"I was 200 yards away while the bombardment of this district was going on," he proceeded. "Many incendiary bombs and two bombs of the heaviest calibre fell in this district, the two H.E. missiles hitting a building and a street. Afterwards, I found a scene of great destruction. Men, women, and children were carrying their possessions away while rescue workers were recovering bodies from the debris. About 20 people were killed or wounded."

The All-Clear went at 4 o'clock on that Monday morning. Then for a few nights, owing to the foul weather, the Berliners were able to sleep in peace. But on Thursday, October 24, they had their longest warning. The All-Clear signal was not given until 7 a.m., and as they emerged from their retreats they saw flames lighting a great sector on the horizon. Of course, on this occasion as on every other, the Nazi propagandist bureau maintained that the British attack had been altogether ineffective; the raiders had hit residential districts, workers' housing estates and bungalows. But the pilots' story was different. Their orders were to attack military objectives—the great railway stations, the goods yards, the gas works and electricity stations, the munition factories, and so on. There are plenty of these targets in the compact Berlin area—but there are now not quite so many as there used to be.

The Nazi authorities did their best to make the bitter pill of an admission that Berlin is not a safe area a little less unpalatable to the people by evacuating children (above), to the accompaniment of brass bands and the waving of swastika flags. Those who remained behind, however, saw many such proofs of the activities of the R.A.F., as the crater in a Berlin street seen on the right.

Photos, Associated Press

How Our Airmen Fly in Attack and Defence



Though every airman must fight and fly as an individual, the closest coordination is necessary when Flights and Squadrons go into action. Pilots are taught to take off, fly, manoeuvre and fight as a single unit, and the strictest orders are given and obeyed regarding the intervals and distances separating the aircraft when operating as Flights and Squadrons. This spacing of machines is planned so that the maximum protection is secured for each member of the unit. A closely packed, well-led flight can ward off onslaughts made by enemy machines from any direction and counter-attack with devastating effect. By unified action a fighter formation can break up an enemy bomber formation.

Top centre a fighter-flight in "V" formation; in centre of page Fairey Battles in **Flight Line Abreast.** Below them, four Hurricanes in **Flight Star.** Fighters in formation have interval between wing tips about half-span of 'planes. With bomber formations this is one span (sketch, top left). Top right, with fighters this distance, from the rudder of one machine to nose of following, equals half a length; with bombers it is one length. Centre, right, a method is shown which gives the signal to **"Close Up."** Upper centre, fighters operating in "V" formation spread out just prior to attacking. Left centre, Blenheims in **Flight Line Astern.** At bottom of page, Fairey Battles in **Flight Line Astern Up.**

In the Indies Holland Stands Fast

Amongst the allies of Britain is the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which brings to the war against Germany the immense resources of its territories in the East and West Indies. Below we give some account of Queen Wilhelmina's colonial empire.

HOLLAND was overrun by the Nazis in the course of a five-day campaign last May, but the Kingdom of the Netherlands is still at war with Germany. This is because the Kingdom is not a state in Europe possessed of a number of colonies or dependencies overseas, but one state, one political entity, with territories in Europe, Asia, and America. The one connecting link is the person of the sovereign, Queen Wilhelmina, who, with her responsible ministers, constitutes the central and supreme government and executive organ of the State.

It was for this reason that Queen Wilhelmina and the other members of the Dutch Royal Family sought safety in Britain when it became clear that the Nazis were bent on capturing them by their parachutists, or, failing capture, assassinating them by bombs. If the Queen, Princess Juliana, and the Cabinet had been taken or slain, then the Kingdom of the Netherlands would almost certainly have been disrupted. But with the Queen in England the Dutch Empire is assured of its legally constituted authority, and its constitutional organs continue to function. Though Holland be occupied by the Nazis, in the Dutch East Indies and the Dutch West Indies the Government of the Netherlands goes on.

She Rules 60 Millions Overseas

In Holland, Queen Wilhelmina rules perhaps for the time being we should say ruled—over nearly 9,000,000 Hollanders, but in Asia and America her subjects number rather more than 60,000,000. Indeed, the Dutch colonial empire is one of the great empires of the world, great in extent, vast in its riches, filled with exotic appeal. It is divided between the two Indies, the East and the West.

Netherlands West Indies need not detain us long. It comprises the colony of Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, on the mainland of South America, and the colony of Curaçao, two groups of islands off the coast of Venezuela. Surinam has an area of about 54,000 square miles with a population of 165,000; its capital is Paramaribo. The islands of Curaçao amount in all to only some 400 square miles, with a population of about 100,000; the capital is Willemstad. Surinam exports much tropical produce; Curaçao's chief industry is oil-refining. Both colonies are ruled by a Governor assisted by a council, whose members are nominated by Queen Wilhelmina; but in Surinam there is also a representative body—the States—an elective body. Perhaps we may add that the Netherlands' forces in Surinam consist of a civic guard and an infantry force of seven officers and 177 n.c.o.s and men; while Curaçao is defended by one officer and 65 men, with the support of a man-of-war.

The Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, is seen at an official function. *Photo, Black Star*

Very different is "Netherlands India," which comprises a number of islands in the East Indies between Asia and Australia—Java and Madura, Sumatra, Banka and Billiton, most of Borneo, Celebes, Bali and Lombok, Timor, and western New Guinea, to mention the most important. It has a total area of 730,000 square miles, and a population estimated at about 60,000,000, for the most part brown-skinned peoples of the Malay or Indonesian races, although there is a considerable admixture of other Orientals, chiefly Chinese. The natives include some of the most colourful peoples of the Orient, ranging from the shapely beauties of Java and the world-famous temple dancers of Bali to the fuzzy-haired savages of largely unexplored New Guinea. The white element

The Dutch East Indies form a large group of islands roughly extending from Dutch New Guinea in the east to Sumatra in the west.

Batavia, which has been called the "Venice of the East," is the capital of the Dutch East Indies; it has a population of 231,463. Many of the streets are built on either side of canals. Here is a typical scene along one of the city's waterways. The numerous rafts drawn up to the water's edge are constructed of bamboo. *Photo, Dorien Leigh*

Vast and Rich is Queen Wilhelmina's Domain

The Dutch East Indian Colonial Army numbers about 40,000 men and is remarkably well equipped. Here is a light tank seen during manoeuvres.

Most of the small but efficient Dutch fleet is usually stationed in East Indian waters. Among the ships is this minelayer, which is also equipped for minesweeping; its row of mines is waiting to be dropped overboard at the stern.

comprises some 200,000 Dutch nationals—officials, merchants, and traders.

The headquarters of the Dutch administration are in Java, where at Batavia the Governor-General, Jonkheer Stachouwer, a very great official with a position analogous to the Viceroy of India, has his seat. As in British India, some of the lands are under direct government, while others are subject native states. Supreme authority under the Crown is exercised by the Governor-General, but he is assisted by a council of four to six members; and there is a Volksraad, some of whose members are appointed by the Government and some elected by local councils. Since 1925 the Volksraad has been permitted to play a considerable part in local government.

Hollanders at Home in the Indies

Unlike most British officials in the East, the Dutch officials tend to regard the East Indies as their permanent home; they get long leave only once every ten years, and when they retire from the service they do not as a rule return to Holland; rather they buy a house in Java and spend the rest of their days in the comfortable surroundings to which they have become accustomed. Another striking difference is that there is no social ostracism for those who marry Javanese women; a Javanese woman marrying a European immediately ranks as a European.

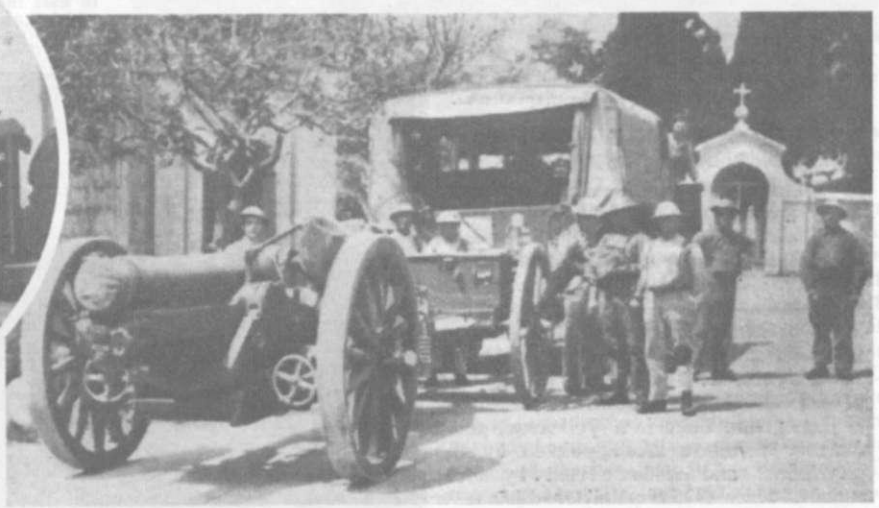
The Dutch Indies are immensely rich in natural resources. In 1938 their share in the world production of rubber was 33 per cent, pepper 85 per cent, cinchona bark (quinine) 90 per cent, kapok 64 per cent, coconut products 29 per cent, tea 17 per cent, sugar 5 per cent, palm oil products 24 per cent, and coffee 4 per cent. In addition, in 1938 the Netherlands Indies produced 7,398,000 tons of crude petroleum, thus entitling it to rank fifth amongst the chief oil-producing countries of the world; and 27,700 tons of tin, giving it fourth place amongst the tin-producing countries. Much of this vast produce was dispatched to the home country in exchange for manufactured goods; and the occupation of Holland by the Nazis gave rise to a very difficult situation. As regards sugar, it was eased when Britain purchased 100,000 tons from Java, and it may not be difficult to find fresh markets for the goods which in past years have been exported to Holland. Nor should it be difficult to find fresh sources of supply of those goods which were formerly exported to the Indies from Holland. Both Britain and America are already in the field, and Japan is falling over herself, as it were, to increase her share of the trade with the great Dutch islands. In this fact lies danger, for it is well known that Japan is interested not only economically but politically in the Indies; and during the last few months there have been several occasions when it seemed possible that Japan might aim a lightning blow at the islands, or at least attempt to secure bases such as have been granted by the French in Indo-China.

But the Dutch will not be caught napping, and in the Netherlands Indies there are maintained both an army and navy of considerable strength. The Royal Netherlands Indies Army consists of some 40,000 men; the battalions are mixed, composed of companies either of Europeans or of natives, but nearly all the officers and most of the n.c.o.s are Dutch. Several of the native princes, also, maintain bodies of armed troops. Then the Royal Navy in the Netherlands Indies consists of the coast defence ship "Soerabaja," three cruisers, "Tromp," "de Ruyter," and "Java," eight destroyers, fifteen submarines, and most of the other smaller vessels of the Dutch Navy. The main naval base is Surabaya on the North coast of Java. Next year's budget provides for an expenditure of nearly £55,000,000, half of which will be spent on strengthening the defences. More than 200 'planes are on order from America, and the strength of the Indies Army in Java is to be increased to 100,000 men. But the main defence of the Dutch East Indies, now as for generations past, is the British Navy.

Rice is one of the most important products of the Dutch East Indies, and great quantities are exported; besides providing a living for the majority of the inhabitants, it is a staple diet for many of the native population. Whole families work in the paddy fields, and in this photo the young rice is being planted out. *Photos, Black Star*

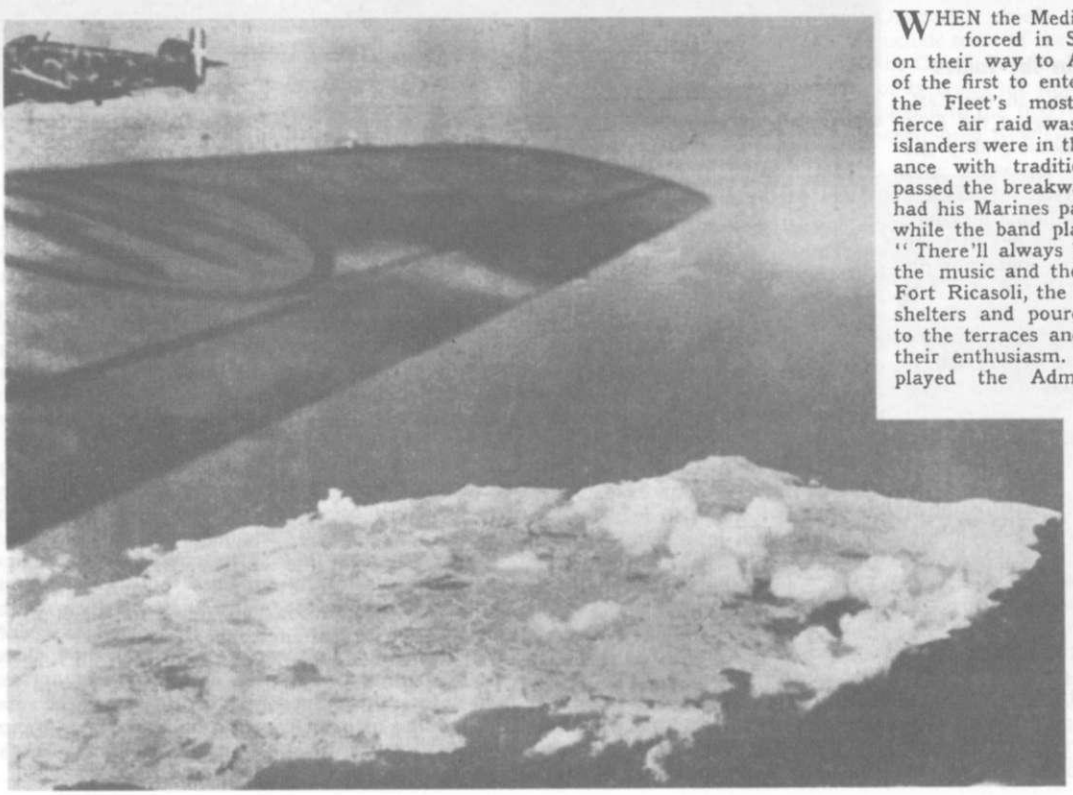
Malta is Ready for Mussolini—If He Comes!

The first bomb to be dropped by an Italian raider on the island fell near this fine stone gateway in Valletta, Malta's capital, on June 11.



Circle, members of the Signal Station at a Field Telephone Exchange installed at Battalion H.Q. Right, troops grouped behind a powerful 6-inch howitzer and its limber which is being towed by a lorry during Army exercises. *Photos, P.N.A. and Topical*

WHEN the Mediterranean Fleet was reinforced in September the ships called on their way to Alexandria at Malta. One of the first to enter the harbour was one of the Fleet's most modern battleships. A fierce air raid was in progress and all the islanders were in their shelters, but in accordance with traditional routine as his ship passed the breakwater at Valletta the Captain had his Marines paraded on the quarter-deck while the band played the ship's march and "There'll always be an England." Hearing the music and the cheers of the gunners at Fort Ricasoli, the Maltese rushed from their shelters and poured out in their thousands to the terraces and quays cheering wildly in their enthusiasm. As the battleship's band played the Admiral's salute the people answered by "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Rolling Home," singing them over and over again.

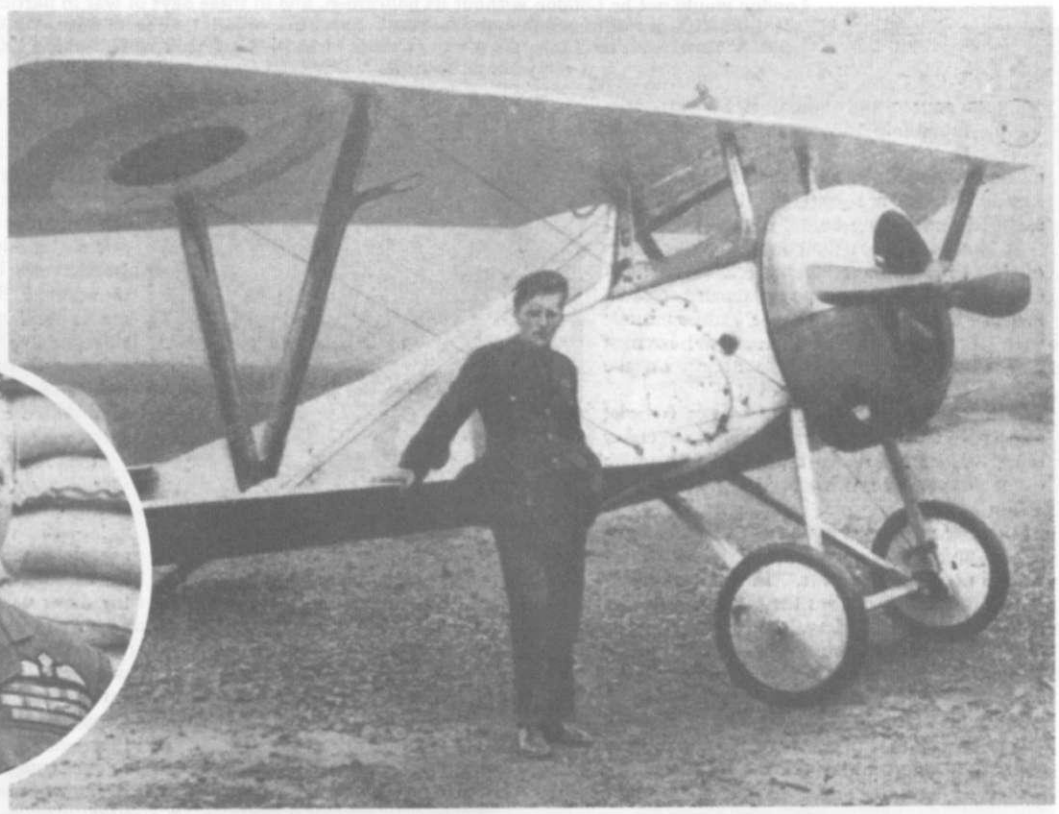


Camouflaged Italian 'planes run the gauntlet of furious A.A. fire as they circle above Malta's coastline. Accurate and deadly gunfire kept these raiders at a distance of five miles as they attempted to fly inland and forced them up to five thousand feet. *Photo, Keystone*

They Served in That War and Serve Again in This

Air-Marshal A. W. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. (circle) began his career as a fighting pilot in March, 1917, and headed the list of British aces, having brought down 72 German 'planes. He is now a director of Canada's Air Force training scheme, and in September he arrived in England at the invitation of the Air Ministry. The photograph on the right shows "Billy" Bishop in 1917 with his Nieuport Scout, a French single-seater with which he achieved spectacular success.

Photos, Planet News and Imperial War Museum



General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., K.C.B., commanded the Fifth Army in the Battle of the Somme in 1916 and in the third Battle of Ypres in the following year. Heavily outnumbered and with few reserves, his Army was overwhelmed by the Germans in their attack of March, 1918. He was held responsible, as many have thought unjustly, and superseded. Shortly after the outbreak of the present war he took over the control of an A.R.P. depot in Chelsea, and played a leading part in the evacuation of London children. Below, he is seen at the A.R.P. depot with Mr. Lewis Casson, husband of Dame Sybil Thorndike; left, at the front during the last war.

Photos, Imperial War Museum, Keystone, and Elliott & Fry

Maj.-Gen. Sir Hugh Elles, K.C.B., D.S.O. (circle) commanded the Tank Corps during the last war; he is seen above with King George V at Suatrecourt in 1918. He is now Regional Commissioner for South-West England.

The Police Are in London's Front Line

London would not be London without its policemen, and in these days of war in particular it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine a London in which they were not playing their part. How vital, how splendid a part is made clear in this article by Mr. Richard Capell, reprinted from the "Daily Telegraph."

ONE source only there is for self-satisfaction in these times—a conviction that one is pulling one's weight for all one is worth. On the strength of this the London police are justified in looking self-satisfied and feeling content with their lot.

It is a harder lot than in the idyllic times of "The Pirates of Penzance." Not, of course, that a murmur on that score is to be heard. The police are in the London battle with the firemen, the wardens, the busmen and all the others who are acting on the motto "It's dogged as does it!"

All the same, there is no reason for not saying that the London police are today doing such a job of work as has fallen to no other police force in history.

To talk of anyone being exactly happy in the circumstances may seem to be stretching a point. On my own responsibility I should not venture so far. But when a hard-boiled police officer uses the phrase about his men it is worth quoting.

A divisional superintendent said to me: "The young men are happy to be in action. They felt out of it when fellows of their age went off to France and were fighting Germans, but in the last month or so they have had their share of what you may call the front line."

It is three years since the Metropolitan Commissioner, Sir Philip Game, started preparing for just such conditions as London is experiencing today, and the enemy can do much worse and still not upset the London police organization.

True, the oddities of the administration of London are a bit of a handicap to the police in wartime. Boroughs and police divisions are so far from coinciding that there may be three or even four different local authorities in one divisional area. Then there is the independent City Police, whose territory is represented on the Scotland Yard maps as a small white autonomous island in the middle of the 700 variously coloured square miles served by the Metropolitan Police, whose radius goes out 15 miles from Charing Cross.

How, in what may be called the domestic aspect, the preparation made by the police for emergencies works in practice was shown the other week when a sub-divisional station as near as nothing got a direct hit. Half the station was blown inside out, and there were casualties. But within an hour and a quarter the staff was efficiently at work in the emergency quarters long before allotted to it.

The strength of the Metropolitan Police is that of an army corps, or approaching 35,000 men, but they are none too many for the work to be done, which includes all the things you would expect and some others.

The sounding of the sirens—on R.A.F. instructions, of course—is one of the jobs of the police. There are 450 sirens in the Metropolitan area; and since an unlucky bomb may put one or another out of action a large fleet of cars is ready equipped with sirens to go out and spread warnings.

Another job, as difficult as any, is the spotting of unexploded bombs. There are now inspectors who are being put through a special bomb course and are by way of becoming experts in discriminating between these tiresome engines

The "alert" had been sounded when the young policeman, top centre, went on calmly regulating the traffic, but in a few moments he may be called upon to deal with such a casualty as the L.P.T.B. bus, left. The policeman, above, has to examine the identity cards of those desirous of entering bombed areas.

Photos, Sport & General, Wide World, and Fox

Friends and Helpers in Danger and Distress

A fireman and a policeman (above) who have been engaged in clearing the debris from a damaged building while a raid was still in progress, lie prone on the ground as another high explosive bomb whistles through the air.

Photos, Planet News

Practically every form of A.R.P. work comes within the province of the police, of whom now more than ever it is true, as Mr. Winston Churchill said some years ago, "that everyone, except the criminals, looks upon them as the friends and servants of the public." Right, police are rescuing an injured man from a wrecked building after a raid on October 21, 1940.

All night the stations receive reports from the public about unexploded bombs, and each has to be investigated, though generally there has been an explosion—far away. A distant bomb is taken by many people to be nearer than it is and assumed not to have gone off.

Then there are many reports received from the public of mysterious lights and suspected tappings—messages to the enemy, or so supposed—and these cannot be pooh-poohed out of hand, however fanciful. Incendiary bombs very often are first spotted by constables on their beats. "And it is wonderful," said a chief inspector who knows everything that has happened to a certain afflicted quarter of London in the last six weeks, "how many they have put out."

Strictly speaking, the work of rescuing persons caught in the collapse of houses does not belong to the police, but the occasions have been many when police officers have rushed in to aid the rescue squads or to begin the work before they were on the scene. After a bad night there is a stream of people calling at the station to inquire about relations and friends.

The compiling of casualty lists is part of the work of Scotland Yard. The lists are printed by the Yard's own press and are circulated to all stations. In these lists has appeared no insignificant number of Metropolitan policemen, for 54 have lost their lives and 372 have been injured.

A remarkable proportion of injuries received by Londoners in these weeks has been caused by glass: and, mentioning this, a police officer of authority made a remark worth quoting: "There is," he said, "far too much glass in London—unbroken glass. I am astonished that there should still be such expanses of it—all unprotected and a possible danger any day. Nine-tenths of it or more should be bricked up. Glasshouses should be turned into fortresses!"

He went on to marvel at the continued display of valuable goods in shop windows—jewelry in particular—often a few doors only from wrecked shops. This led to the question of looting.

While there has been a good deal of pilfering in damaged streets in some districts, looting—in the serious sense in which the police use the word—has been uncommon. That is to say that far too many Londoners have been indelicate enough to pocket an object or two that has caught their eye among wreckage; but the ruffians who set out to make a business of robbing disaster-stricken shopkeepers and householders are a tiny minority. Of concerted banditry there has been none at all.

Turning over sheet after sheet of detailed police reports, which descend on headquarters thick as October's drifting leaves in our neglected gardens, I see again and again the entry, "Morale good."

Were the actual labours of the London police all told in full it would still not be the whole tale.

Almost every Londoner, I imagine, must feel in some degree the heartening influence of the sight, amid the fantastic things we all see in these days, of the imperturbable policeman, stalwart and homely—the symbol of sane, established order. If you happen to have had a bad five minutes and the world still seems rocking, the sight of him helps to steady it. That is a service he has certainly rendered, though all unknowingly, to a number of citizens in these weeks.

Talking of the worst days in the East End, one who has seen much there said to me: "The East-Enders lean upon the police!" That surely is a tribute which any police force in the world would be proud of but one such as few can ever have evoked.

The London policeman, I have lately found, is in some ways different from the conventional idea we have of him. But there remains the traditional stolidity; and I only wish it were possible to convey the superbly placid tone with which this remark was made to me at one station where they knew as much as anyone about the new-style war: "We have settled down to the job; it is such a regular nightly occurrence, and we know what to expect."

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Humane Airmen

By their ceaseless day and night vigil our airmen indirectly save thousands of lives. On many occasions, however, they do so by direct means, and, such is the British character, those rescued from death may well be the enemy. After the sinking by H.M.S. "Ajax" of three Italian destroyers on October 12, a Sunderland flying-boat of the R.A.F. was on patrol over the Mediterranean when the pilot sighted a ship in the distance. Having satisfied himself that she was the Italian ship "Aquileja," he resumed his patrol. A few miles farther on he found a vast patch of oil in which could be seen not only masses of wreckage but two boats and half a dozen Carley floats. The flying-boat turned back to the hospital ship and signalled a message, afterwards circling round the wreckage and diving several times to attract attention. The Italian ship altered course and steered towards the point indicated, and soon the Sunderland's pilot saw her lower a white motor dinghy and make for the floats. He himself searched a little time for survivors but, locating none, carried on with his patrol. Another Sunderland flying-boat, with an all-Australian crew, recently descended on the Atlantic and took aboard 21 survivors of a torpedoed merchantman who had been adrift in a lifeboat for 3½ days. Twenty-four survivors of another British vessel were saved, through the good offices of three Blenheims of the Coastal Command, two of which remained flying round their raft and floats, while the third went off to get help and presently guided motor launches to the rescue.

Provincial 'Visitors' in London

Omnibuses of many hues and from divers provincial centres are being lent to the London Passenger Transport Board to help with the capital's traffic problem, and the first of the 2,000 promised are already to be seen on the streets. The impression their presence gives of solidarity, of practical sympathy in time of trouble, is very heartening to workers who are now in the front line of battle. So, too, are their varied colour schemes, which provide a gay contrast to the monotonous, if cheerful, red of London's own buses. The Halifax bus is orange and green with cream trimmings. That of Leeds is blue. Northampton's brown and Coventry's chocolate and yellow are perhaps a shade more sober, and although Manchester's splendid scarlet vies with the city's own hue, Sheffield's cream and blue contribute another touch of friendly unfamiliarity to London's thoroughfares.

London has "borrowed" 2,000 buses from the provinces. Here is a Manchester bus whose indicator is being changed for service in the metropolis.

Photo, Fox

They Will Tell America

On October 22 Mr. Joseph Kennedy, U.S. Ambassador to London, left for home, and in some quarters it is thought that he may not return, or, at any rate, not as representative of the United States. Even if he remains over there his influence will be only for Britain's good. His frankly expressed sympathies for this country, indeed, have earned for him the open detestation of Germany. In a last-minute talk to a "Daily Express" staff reporter he said: "You people are great. I'm going to tell them all about it at home." His views of the damage done by bombs—"It looks much worse on paper than it does when you see it yourself"—coincide with those of another American observer, Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, owner of a New York evening paper, who said that in 100 miles he had seen railways, stations, factories, airports, harbours where shipping went on normally, and not a single scar on any of them. But in London, said Mr. Ingersoll, he found more damage to non-military objectives than he had expected. "I am bewildered by the calmness and courage of the people. I shall go back to America with a message of good cheer and admiration for the British people."

Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, American Ambassador to Great Britain, waving a smiling farewell from the steps of the U.S. Embassy, as he left London for the United States on October 22. He was appointed in January, 1938.

Photo, Wide World

'47,000,000 Churchills'

Germany is puzzled by Britain's resistance to the Nazi air war, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Italian newspaper "Telegrafo." In his message on October 22 he said: "After the daily reading of German official communiqués, these questions are always asked: 'How is England able to resist? For how long? At the cost of what sacrifices will England be able to hold her ground? Can England—we ask ourselves—prolong her resistance? Is it really true that 47,000,000 Englishmen are 47,000,000 Churchills all determined to die under the ruined British Empire rather than give in?'" This comment is interesting coming as it does not long after the first suggestion of any doubt of ultimate victory which appeared in the Berlin newspaper "D.A.Z.": "Even in the hypothetical case of the Axis being unable to end the war successfully, Great Britain will on no account be able to annihilate Germany and Italy."

Nazis Fear We May Invade Them

Berlin radio relayed on October 24 a talk by the commanding officer of a battery facing the Channel, in which he announced that Germany is fortifying the French and German coasts against possible invasion by Britain. Experts and labourers have been sent from the Rhineland, and, helped by troops already in the district, the work is being hurried along by day and night shifts. The officer stated that his section of the fortifications had been built in three and a half weeks, and was the first to be completed. He concluded his talk with two test shots fired from his biggest gun, which had been installed "as the German High Command are anxious to do everything possible to secure the German-occupied coast from any possible landing and attack by the British."

Coastal Command's 'Private Blitzes'

Pilots of a certain squadron of the Coastal Command, whose job it is to patrol the North Sea, are not satisfied with their allotted task of reconnaissance, and frequently ask and sometimes receive permission from their commanding officer to spend their off-time seeking and attacking military targets. These jaunts, which are seldom fruitless, are known to the pilots and their crews as "private blitzes." The C.O.'s term for them, is a little more dignified, as was shown recently when the board in the operations room, after noting details of the duties and expected time of return of two aircraft, bore the additional remark: "May be up to two hours late owing to private hostilities." On this occasion the elated pilots reported on their landing that they had registered direct hits on a minesweeper and a supply ship and a near-miss on a destroyer.

Propaganda Through Ridicule

The broadcasts in French sent out by the B.B.C. are, it seems, immensely popular in unoccupied France. According to one letter received, an "entire village meets every night in the five or six houses which have sufficiently powerful wireless sets to get London on the short wave." The feature these listeners seem to appreciate most is the guying of the Germans through skits on the once familiar advertising slogans sent out by private wireless stations. One of the most popular is sung to a tune that was used to boost a well-known apéritif. The present words are:

Radio-Paris ment;
Radio-Paris ment;
Radio-Paris est allemand.

This has caught on irresistibly among the young people of the French villages. Marshal Pétain's slogan, "Famille, travail, patrie," has been elaborated (by the B.B.C.) into "Famille dispersée, travail introuvable patrie humiliée," a true if biting comment on the present plight of the French nation.

I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War

I Lived Under Nazi Rule in Jersey

We have already published an eye-witness account of the seizure of Jersey by the Germans (see page 51, Vol. 3). Mr. George Turner, a Jersey tomato-grower, remained on the island for more than three months before escaping to England, where he told the following story of the life of the islanders under Nazi rule.

ABOUT 300 Germans were the first to arrive in Jersey. I went on with my work until two of them came and wanted to know whether my house was my property. They went in, opened drawers and took £63, saying I would get a receipt and would be given full marks to that value. When I went to an office in the town I got nothing.

Mr. George Turner, the Jersey tomato-grower, who prefers the chance of being bombed in London to life in the Channel Islands under the rule of the Nazis.
Photo, "News Chronicle"

The Germans were quite nice and courteous and did not lay a finger on me, but the next morning three more arrived, picked all my fruit and tomatoes and took them away.

I asked them about the money and they said "That will be all right." I never received anything.

I cannot say that they looted. It was all done by the officials in a very courteous way. They took all the flour in the island and commandeered the hotels, billeted themselves there and emptied the cellars.

They went straight to the town hall and interviewed Mr. John Pinel, the police magistrate. They appointed about 40 town guards, who patrolled the streets in couples, usurping the police force.

Although they are what might be termed tolerant they let you know that they are the bosses. If anyone carries a case he is stopped and made to show what is inside. If the Germans see anyone hanging about they put them to work on the fields.

There is nothing Prussian about their manner, but they said to us, "You will all be Prussians from now on and the Channel Islands belong to Germany for ever. The boats will come here now from Hamburg instead of from England, and if you want to go away you will go to Germany because you are German subjects now. Germany is a very good place, and England does not know how to govern." They also told us that Ribbentrop would be the boss for Germany in England.

They took the food from the boarding houses, went into the largest grocers' warehouse and packed great crates and sent them away. From the large drapers they sent all the women's lingerie away, and helped themselves from the jewellers.

Wireless is not allowed, and there is a curfew at 10 p.m. The banks are closed, and there are no cinemas.

The bread we had was dark brown. We had no sweetstuffs, no sugar, no butter, but a bit of margarine. When the German soldiers came they were ravenous, and the first thing they did was to have a good feed. Strangely, they never took the tobacco.

Describing his escape, Mr. Turner said:

One day four of us met in a hotel, and one man said, "I am going to make a bolt for it. There is a boat in the harbour."

This boat was captained by an Irishman, and he had been there for a long time. He was not allowed to move, but he had coal in his bunkers. He said he would take us to England for £3 5s. a head. Eventually nine of us, including a girl, made our way to the boat at 9 o'clock one night.

We all went to the quay by different routes, and I hid a small suitcase under my coat whenever I passed German soldiers.

About 4 a.m. the ship glided around the headland and we were away. In three days we reached England.—"*News Chronicle*"

Our Bomber Was Struck By Lightning

In an account of a raid over Germany (see page 249, vol. 3) a bomber pilot described the effects of bad weather conditions. Here "Tail-end Charlie"—the nickname for an air gunner, whose post is in the turret at the tail of a heavy bomber—tells what happened to him when his 'plane flew into a storm over the French coast.

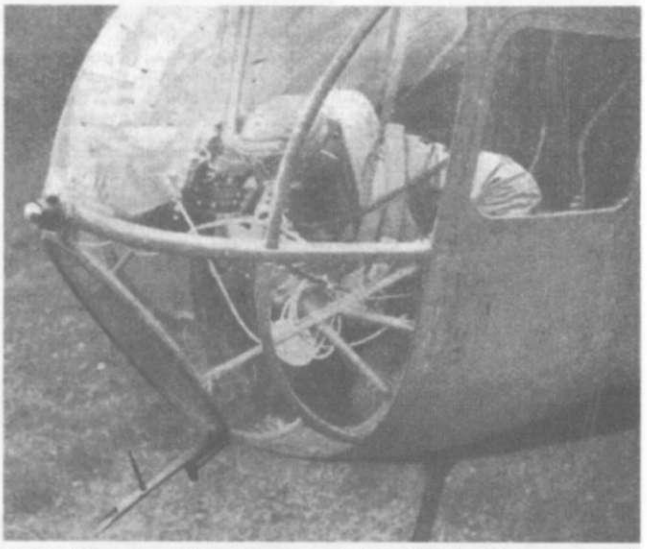
"A SLICE of cake," said my pilot. I knew what he meant. This time we were not off to Berlin or Milan, or any of those far-flung places, sections of which have been flung even farther. We were to make a quick, sudden smash at Hitler's invasion bases, and be back in bed by three.

No trouble at all, so long as—it being full moon—old "Tail-End Charlie" kept a good look-out behind. Only the watchful tail-gunner, alone and alert in his little glazed house far out on the great bomber's tail, can see and deal with trouble when it comes streaking out of the sky in the shape of a Heinkel or a Messerschmitt.

The night was so bright, with a huge golden moon climbing up, that I turned my turret from side to side, looking for some of our squadron. It is astonishing how empty the sky may look when it is in fact full of aircraft, which have taken off from the same place at regular intervals and are circling around the same target. From beginning to end perhaps one hardly catches a glimpse of another.

We had not covered more than two-thirds of the way when we sailed slap into cloud. At first it was only dim haze and wisps of pale vapour, with cumulus standing like snow-ruffed mountains about us. Then suddenly (remember "Tail-End Charlie" travels backwards, like a prawn, so that most of the things he sees are stale news to the rest of the crew) we plunged into absolute darkness. The clouds had engulfed us and rain beat down on the turret. Then our troubles began.

"We'll take her up out of this," I heard the pilot say through the intercommunicating



A bomber engaged in such work as is described in this page depends on its gunner for protection from fighter planes. Above is this important member of the crew of one of the Hampden bombers that are now armed with two Vickers K guns and a movable gun firing through the nose.
Photo, L.N.A.

I WAS THERE!

telephone. Up we climbed through thrashing rain which suddenly turned into hail. Then I heard "whack! whack! whack!" I knew what that was—ice flying off the airscrew and rattling down on the fuselage.

On the wings' leading edges the de-icers were working—expanding, deflating, like slow-breathing lungs, dispersing the ice.

Something flickered close to us. Were we over the target, with "Flak" coming up already? It flickered again and again. "I don't like that lightning" I heard someone say in front. Then a strange thing happened. From the barrels of my four guns little sparks began to shoot backwards with a thin, dry crackling noise. Lightning shimmered in front and behind us and thunder bellowed all round.

Our flying became very "bumpy." We suddenly rose or fell at incredible speeds. I lurched about my turret, holding on tightly, wondering if the next bump would knock me out on the roof. All the time those little flickering sparks shot out of my guns.

The rain, flicking off from the tail-planes, carried blue flames away with it, little blue flames of electricity, "flick! flick!" blowing behind us. There came one enormous bump when we must have dropped 500 feet, then a pause. Then a purple flash filled the whole of my turret and there was a deafening report. I found myself completely blind. The aircraft rocked crazily. Not a sound came from those in front.

"Hello, captain! Hello, captain!" I called. Nobody answered

After a bit, light filtered back to my eyes. I was not blind after all. What was more, we were out of the clouds, and my guns had stopped firing off sparks. I could see that their several thousand cartridges had not gone off in my face as I had suspected.

"Hello, captain!"

At last his voice came back to me, bringing me but little comfort.

"The 'plane has been struck by lightning," he said. "Have your parachute ready."

I took one glance at the cold sea, gleaming below, opened the turret doors, and reached for my parachute——

Well, we got back all right, and without having to jump. The lightning blast had done no harm to our "kite"; but if ever "Met" (meteorological) matters go wrong with me again, I only hope I have as steady a captain and as stout an aircraft to bear me.

It was "cake" we had, all right—ice cake, with lightning to follow!

Among survivors from the "Empress of Britain" were Sergeant Speaston and his wife and their eight-year-old daughter Elizabeth. Taken on board different lifeboats, the family was reunited on reaching the shore.
Photo, Associated Press

We Were Bombed on "Empress of Britain"

Left a blazing wreck after she had been bombed and machine-gunned by enemy aircraft on October 26, the famous liner "Empress of Britain" blew up and sank while attempts were being made to salvage her. Below we give some eye-witness stories of survivors.

THE attack on the "Empress of Britain" began when enemy bombers dived out of the morning sky and raked the gun crew with machine-gun fire. Having put the liner's gun out of action, the pilots swept over the ship and dropped high-explosive bombs, one of which made a direct hit.

Incendiary bombs were dropped during a further onslaught, and the ship was ablaze amidships while passengers and crew took to the lifeboats or congregated in unaffected parts of the liner.

A member of the crew, J. P. Donovan, of Southampton, gave a vivid description of the scene on the forecastle. He said:

When the bombs began to drop about 40 or 50 of us lay down on the deck. Then the lights went out in the forward part and we made our way towards the forecastle by torchlight. The stench left by the bombs was terrible.

Finally about 300 people were gathered in the forecastle, including a number of women and children. About half an hour after the attack some of the boats lowered from the starboard side came up forward and we got all the women and children into them.

When these boats were full we still had about 140 on the forecastle. In case there should not be enough boats for us we began to make rafts from all the wood we could find —cabin doors, between decks and awning spars.

Owing to the fire spreading a number of the boats had to be got away with only four men in them, the idea being to get them safely afloat and then get the people into them.

The trouble was that four men could not row those heavy boats, and then the motor-boat which could have towed them to where they were needed got a knock when it was being lowered and the engine would not start.

An assistant bo'sun named McKinnon and an R.A.F. officer did a good bit of work between them in getting the engine going. After that it was easy. The motor-boat towed the empty life-boats up to the ship, and it was not long after till we were all away. It was then the middle of the afternoon, between five and six hours after the attack.

All these hours the flames had been spreading forward, and when we got away the ship was burning within 10 feet of the bows. In a few minutes we would have had to take to the rafts.

Just before we got into the boats a flying boat came along and signalled that rescue ships were on the way. The rescue ships came up about three-quarters of an hour after, and we got into the boats. The Navy men were grand.

Another member of the crew said that a number of people were killed and injured by the explosion of the bombs and the aircraft's machine-guns. He went on:

She machine-gunned the bridge heavily, and a machine-gunner who was stationed there fought back very bravely. I heard Captain Sapsworth commending him highly. The skipper himself was very cool. He stayed on the bridge until it was burning under his feet, and he was on the fore part till the very end.

Mrs. A. Speaston, who was returning home to Glasgow with her eight-years-old daughter Elizabeth and her soldier husband, said:

I was on the promenade deck when the air-raid warning sounded. I heard machine-guns, and bullets thudded against the decks.

I was starting to run to the deck below when a great explosion hurled me down the stairs. I scrambled to my feet. My first thought was, of course, to find my little girl. But I was half dazed, and they took me to the boat deck. I found her there.

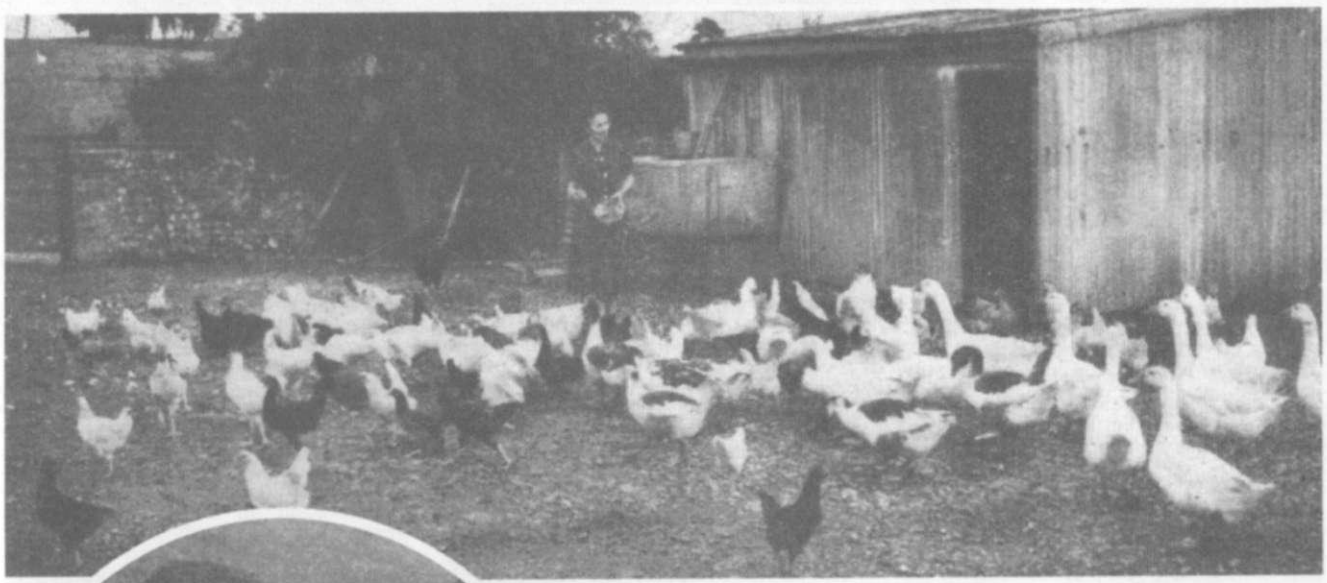
The youngest passenger was 11-months-old Neville Hart. He was saved by being lashed in a blanket to the back of a sailor, who slid down a 60 ft. rope into a lifeboat. Beryl Hart, his 19-year-old sister, said:

I was in a cabin next to mother's when the first bomb struck the liner. There was a great noise and her cabin was wrecked.

I heard mother calling and scrambled to her through the wreckage. We could hear fire crackling near us, but there was no panic and Neville was as good as gold.

The Hart family, including 11-months-old Neville, youngest survivor of the "Empress of Britain." When the ship was bombed they, with the other passengers, obeyed instructions and stayed below until the order to go on deck was given.
Photo, Daily Mail

Down On the Farm in the Front Line



ON the South-east coast, right in the "front line," Miss Mary Sinclair courageously runs her farm. She is surrounded by all the noise and confusion of war, aerial battles rage furiously over the farmhouse ; she has become accustomed to bombs, shells and machine-guns, and carries on her job in spite of everything. Her day begins at 6 a.m. and finishes at 9 p.m., all the work of the farm being done by herself. These photographs show Miss Sinclair at her round of tasks, and finally resting after the long day.

Photos by "News Chronicle" Staff Photographer R. Girling, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1940 *416th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that patrol vessels O.6 and O.7, formerly French, had been sunk by enemy light craft.

In the Air—R.A.F. bomber secured direct hit on enemy cargo ship off Hook of Holland. Owing to adverse weather conditions R.A.F. carried out no night bombing operations.

War against Italy—R.A.F. attacked enemy working parties and transport between Buqbuq and Sollum. Raids made on Dessie aerodrome, Assab, Bahar-Dar, Danghela, Gura and Asmara. South African Air Force attacked Birikau for fifth time.

Italian aircraft attacked island of Perim, in Straits of Bab el Mandeb. Bombs were dropped near Alexandria, but caused only slight damage.

Home Front—British fighters intercepted large formation of aircraft after crossing Kent coast. Fierce battle ensued and enemy was driven back. Sporadic raids on S.E. coast towns.

Less activity at night, but some raiders reached London. Houses damaged; large store wrecked; church struck. Nazi aircraft also reported over Midlands, where in one town considerable damage was done, and elsewhere.

Three German 'planes destroyed. Britain lost six fighters but pilots of two safe.

British and German long-range guns exchanged several shots across Straits of Dover.

General—M. Pierlot, Belgian Premier, and M. Spaak, Foreign Minister, arrived in London.

Hitler received M. Laval, Deputy Premier, during a visit to France.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23 *417th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. minesweeper "Dundalk" had been sunk by enemy mine.

In the Air—R.A.F. attacked targets in Berlin area, including power stations and railway yards. Other forces bombed railways, wharves and warehouses at port of Emden, oil plants at Magdeburg and Hanover, goods yards, industrial targets and railway junctions in various places, docks at Hook of Holland and many aerodromes.

Two enemy supply ships in convoy off Frisian Islands torpedoed by Coastal Command Beaufort aircraft. Another vessel heavily machine-gunned.

War against Italy—Series of night raids made by R.A.F. on Gura. Other aircraft raided Asmara aerodrome, Gondar, Tessenie and Kassala. In Western Desert British aircraft raided Sidi Barrani.

Home Front—Enemy day activity confined to isolated attacks by single aircraft over S.E. and Midland areas.

During night bombers made gliding raids on London. Church severely damaged; houses and shops demolished. West of Scotland had severe raid over wide area, but only house property suffered.

Enemy lost one aircraft, Britain none.

General—Hitler met Franco on French-Spanish frontier.

M. Laval reported to Marshal Petain at Vichy on his meeting with Hitler.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24 *418th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced loss through enemy mines of H.M. trawlers "Velia" and "Lord Stamp."

In the Air—R.A.F. attacked ports of Ostend and Gravelines, a factory and goods yard near Calais and a convoy off Zeebrugge.

During night many objectives in Berlin were bombed, as well as oil plants at Hamburg, Hanover and Gelsenkirchen; docks and shipping at Hamburg, Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Wilhelmshaven, Rotterdam, Le Havre and Lorient; goods yards and railway communications, several Channel ports and many aerodromes.

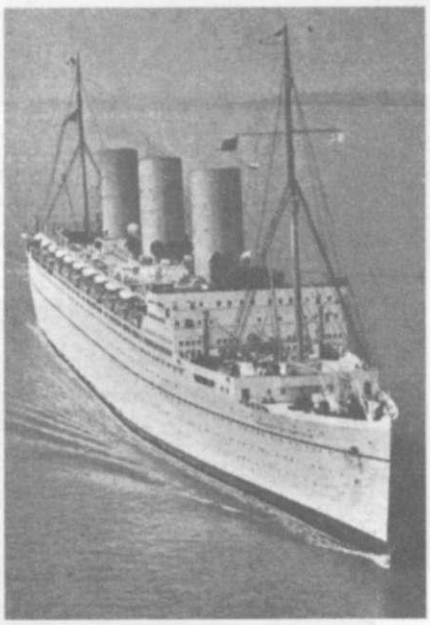
War against Italy—British bombers continued attacks on Italian lines in East Africa and Libya. Asmara, Gura and other centres bombed. Series of raids on Benghazi and Berka.

Home Front—Few enemy aircraft, operating singly, crossed coast. Bombs fell in London area, Kent, Hants and country district in Somerset. House and industrial buildings hit. Private school shattered and nurses' home partly wrecked in Hants.

Comparatively little activity during night. Areas attacked included Scotland and one Midland town, where fires were started which damaged commercial property and public buildings. German High Command stated Italian bombers took part for first time.

Enemy lost two aircraft. Britain none.

General—Hitler interviewed Marshal Pétain in French territory.



The Empress of Britain, 42,348-ton luxury liner, flagship of the Canadian Pacific fleet, brought the King and Queen back to England after their tour in Canada and the United States in 1939. She was sunk on October 26.
Photo, Topical

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25 *419th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Swordfish" had sunk a German torpedo-boat off French coast, and H.M. submarine "Regent" destroyed Italian supply ship in Mediterranean.

Violent engagement involving heavy guns on both sides of Channel and British and German bombers centred round British convoy approaching Straits of Dover at dusk. Ships in convoy also opened fire. None received direct hits.

H.M. destroyer "Venetia" reported sunk by enemy mine.

In the Air—R.A.F. attacked docks and shipping at Kiel, Bremen, Cuxhaven, Amsterdam, Den Helder and Ostend; oil targets in Northern and Central Germany, power station at Hamburg, aerodromes, Channel gun positions and invasion ports.

Home Front—During day successive formations of enemy aircraft, mostly fighters, crossed S.E. coast at great height. Most were split up and dispersed, but some got through. Bombs fell on five crowded tramcars in London and casualties were heavy.

Night raiders, flying high, dropped bombs in various parts of London. Noted square hit by incendiaries. Number of destructive fires started in Midland town. Several small coastal towns in Scotland suffered. Searchlights were machine-gunned.

Seventeen enemy aircraft destroyed. Ten British fighters lost, but pilots of seven safe.

SATURDAY, OCT. 26 *420th day*

On the Sea—British liner "Empress of Britain" was set on fire by enemy bomber and sank, following explosion, while on tow. Coastal Command Beaufort aircraft carried out torpedo attack on shipping off Norwegian coast. One supply ship sunk.

In the Air—Despite unfavourable weather R.A.F. heavily bombed many targets in Berlin, oil plants at Stettin, Leuna and Cologne, docks at Hamburg, Cuxhaven and Bremen, railway communications, 14 aerodromes and ports of Flushing and Antwerp.

Coastal Command aircraft successfully attacked power station at Brest.

Home Front—Day raiders over London dropped bombs among crowds in shopping centre, causing many casualties. S.E. coastal town bombed and machine-gunned. Castle in south England damaged.

Wide area attacked during night, but main force directed on London and Midlands.

Enemy lost six aircraft, Britain two.

General—Vichy announced that Marshal Pétain and Hitler had agreed on principle of collaboration. Free French Forces issued statement repudiating Hitler's proposals.

Italian press alleged "incidents" on Greek-Albanian frontier.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27 *421st day*

In the Air—R.A.F. successfully attacked Skoda works at Pilsen. Targets bombed in Germany included oil plants at Hamburg, Ostermoor, Hanover, Gelsenkirchen and Magdeburg; docks at Wilhelmshaven and Hamburg, goods yards at Krefeld, Hamm and Mannheim, Channel ports of Antwerp, Flushing, Ostend and Lorient, and 14 aerodromes.

Home Front—Intermittent raids by fighters and fighter-bombers. Bombs fell in London area, places in S.E. England and in Hants. London block of tenement flats hit.

Less activity during night than of late. Main attacks made on N.W. and Midlands.

Ten enemy aircraft destroyed. Eight British fighters lost but pilots of four safe.

General—Stated that Free French troops under Gen. de Larminat were advancing from Congo Valley and had nearly surrounded village and fortress of Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa.

MONDAY, OCT. 28 *422nd day*

On the Sea—Coastal Command aircraft made daylight attacks on shipping and convoys off Dutch and French coasts.

In the Air—R.A.F. heavily bombed shipping at Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Bremen, Hamburg, Emden and Cuxhaven, and shipping in Boulogne harbour; oil plants at Homburg, Cologne and Hamburg; railway centres at Krefeld, Cologne, Coblenz and Mannheim; 19 aerodromes, and many A.A. batteries.

Home Front—Bombs fell during day over scattered points in E. Anglia and S.E. England.

During night enemy 'planes were reported over South-East, Merseyside N.E. England and over Midlands, where in one town incendiaries caused many fires. Two bombs fell through London church into crypt, used as a shelter.

Enemy lost four aircraft, Britain none.

Greece—Greek Govt. rejected ultimatum from Rome demanding free passage of Italian troops to certain unspecified strategic points in Greece. Before expiry of ultimatum Italians launched attacks, which were strongly resisted, across Albanian border, and their aircraft raided Patras and other places.

General—Hitler and Mussolini met in Florence.